MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
BY
The Right Honourable
THE
Earl of ROSCOMMON.

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rologue *to* Pompey: *A Tragedy. As it was perform'd at the Theatre in* Dublin, *before the King, in the Year* 1677. *Tranſlated from the* French *of Monsr.* Corneille, *by Mrs.* Katherine Phillips.

THE mighty Rivals, whoſe deſtructive (Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms (engage,
e now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.

Cæſar from none but you will hear his Doom,
He hates th'obſequious Flatteries of *Rome*:
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beſide.
When he the *Thames*, the *Danube*, and the *Nile*,
Had ſtain'd with Blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this Iſle;
And you alone may boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæſar 'till now, and now can give him Law.

Great *Pompey* too, comes as a Suppliant here,
But ſays he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal Juſtice, and (to tell
A *Roman* Truth) he knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on *Cæſar*'s Side,
But *Pompey* thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune, when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not *Cato*'s Mind.

Then

Then of what Doubt can *Pompey*'s Cauſe admit,
Since here ſo many *Cato's* judging ſit.

*But you, bright Nymphs, give *Cæſar* Leave (to woo
The greateſt Wonder of the World but you,
And hear a Muſe, who has that *Hero* taught,
To ſpeak as gen'rouſly as e'er he fought;
Whoſe Eloquence from ſuch a Theme deters
All Tongues but *Engliſh*, and all Pens but Hers.
By the juſt Fates your Sex is doubly bleſt,
You conquer'd *Cæſar*, and you praiſe him beſt.

†And you, Illuſtrious Sir, receive as due,
A preſent Deſtiny reſerv'd for you,

---

* *To the Ladies.*
† *To the King.*

Rome, *France*, and *England*, joyn their Forces here,
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.

Accept it then, and on that *Pompey*'s Brow,
Who gave ſo many Crowns, beſtow One now.

THE

GHOST

OF

Old Houſe of Commons,

TO

The New One, *appointed to meet at* Oxford, *in the Year* 1682.

FRom deepeſt Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,
I have been ſent to tell you, tender Youth,
A ſeaſonable and important Truth.

I feel

I feel (but, Oh! too late) that no Diſeaſe
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Eaſe:
And of all other, the moſt tempting Things
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.
None ever was ſuperlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Induſtry and Skill:
And ſome, whoſe Meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow Knaves by Uſe, and Rebels by Deſpair.
My Time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep the firſt Bloſſoms from the Blaſt of Sin;
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,
Preſerve your ſelf, and bring ſerener Days.
The buſy, ſubtil Serpents of the Law,
Did firſt my Mind from true Obedience draw:
While I did Limits to the King preſcribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,

I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew ſeditious for Variety:
All that oppos'd me, were to be accus'd,
And by the Laws, I legally abus'd.
The Robe was ſummon'd, *Maynard* in the Head,
In Legal Murder none ſo deeply read;
I brought him to the Bar, where once he ſtood
Stain'd with the (yet Unexpiated) Blood
Of the brave *Strafford*, when Three Kingdoms (rung
With his Accumulative *Hackney*-Tongue;
Pris'ners and Witneſſes were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to ſwear, and thoſe to (dye,
And to expect their Arbitrary Fates,
Some for ill Faces, ſome for good Eſtates.
To fright the People, and alarm the Town.
B—— and *O*—— employ'd the Reverend Gown.

But

But while the Triple Mitre bore the Blame,
The King's three Crowns were their rebellious Aim:
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the *B*—— and the *Wards*:
Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate:
But above all I got a little Guide,
Who every Ford of Villany had try'd:
None knew so well the Old Pernicious Way,
To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey;
And my small *Jehu* at a furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
All that this happy Island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.

In

In his whole Paradiſe, one only Tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict Decree;
A Sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear,
Yet it in Pieces, I conſpir'd to tear;
Beware, my Child! Divinity is there.
This ſo undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more.
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath
Was ſnatch'd away by the ſwift Hand of Death,
And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd
To th'Utter Darkneſs of the lower World:
A dreadful Place! which you too ſoon will ſee,
If you believe Seducers more than me.

THE PRAYER OF JEREMY

Paraphras'd.

Prophetically repreſenting the Paſſionate Grief of the Jewiſh *People, for the Loſs of their Town and Sanctuary.*

I.

STand, Sun of Juſtice! Sovereign God Moſt (High!
In *Libra* fix thy Bench of Equity,
And weigh our Caſe—

Look

Look down on Earth, nay look as low again,
As we're inferior to the reſt of Men;
We Wretched, once, like thy Archangels, Bright,
Are caſt down headlong with diminiſh'd Light.
So Meteors fall, and as they downwards fly,
Leave a long Train of leſs'ning Light, and die.

II.

Then let that other ſmoother Face of thine,
The Sun of Juſtice, take its Turn and ſhine.
If not alone, at leaſt to mix Allays,
And ſtreak thy Juſtice with alternate Rays,
To ſee and pity our Diſtreſs; for Oh!
As thou'rt exalted, our Condition's low.

III.

Houſes, Eſtates, our Temple and our Town,
Which God and Birthright long had made our own,

To

To barb'rous Nations now are fall'n a Prey,
And we from all we love, are torn away.
Thus early Orphans whilſt our Fathers live,
We know no Comfort, they no Comfort give:
Our Mothers are but Widows under Chains
Of Wedlock, and of all their Nuptial Gains,
None of the Mother but the Pangs remains.
Famiſh'd with Want, we Wilds and Deſarts tread,
And fainting, wander for our needful Bread,
Where Wolves and Tygers round in Ambuſh lie,
And Hoſts with naked Swords ſtand threatning (by.
But keener Hunger, more a Beaſt of Prey,
More ſharp than theſe, more ravenous than they,
Thro' Swords, and Wolves, and Tygers, breaks (our bitter Way.

IV. The

IV.

The Fowls, and Beaſts, and ev'ry *Sylvan* Kind,
Down to the meaneſt Inſects Heav'n deſign'd,
To be the Slaves of Man, were always free
Of Waters, Woods, and common Air; but we,
We Slaves, and Beaſts, and more than Inſects Vile,
That half-born wanton on the Banks of *Nile*,
Are glad to buy the Leavings they can ſpare
Of Waters, Woods, and the more common Air.

V.

With Loads of Chains our Foes purſue their Stroke,
And lug our aking Necks beneath their Yoke:
No Intermiſſion gives the Weary Breath,
But endleſs Drudging drags us on to Death.

Our

ur Cries aſcend, and like a Trumpet blow,
l *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* hear our Woe:
(ſweat,
ere, Nights we labour; there, whole Days we
nd barely earn the heartleſs Bread we eat.

VI.

ur old Fore-Fathers ſinn'd, and are no more,
ey pawn'd their Children to defray their Score.
happy they! by Death from ſuffering freed,
t all our Fathers Scourges laſh their Seed.
ngeance, at which great *Zion*'s Entrails ſhakes,
oots thro' the inmoſt of the Soul, and rakes,
here Pride lurks deepeſt, there we feel our
(Pain,
r Slaves are Maſters, and our Menials reign.
hilſt we unreſcu'd ſend our Cries around,
ſeek Relief, but no Relief is found.

VII. Look

VII.

Look on our Cheeks, and in each Furrow trace,
A Storm of Famine driving on our Face.
The ſcorching Tempeſt lets its Fury go,
And pours upon us, in a Burſt of Woe.
The Signs of conſcious Guilt our Brows impart,
Black as our Sin, and harden'd as our Heart.

VIII.

From *Zion*'s Mount the humble Matrons cry,
With mournful Eccho's, *Juda*'s Maids reply,
Our Great Ones fall, beneath their ſweeping (Hand
E'en venerable Age cannot withſtand
Their impious Scoffs; our Youth, in bloomy (Prime
Compell'd, ſubmit to their undecent Crime,
And Children whelm'd with Labour, fall be- (fore their Time.

Thus Prince and People, Infancy and Age,
Promiſcuous Objects of an impious Rage,
But ſerve to haunt us whereſoe'er we go,
With horrid Scenes of Univerſal Woe.

IX.

Old Men no more in *Zion*'s Council ſit,
Nor Young in Conſorts of her Muſick meet;
Such fooliſh Change fond Profligates deviſe,
The Old turn Singers, and the Young adviſe;
Perverted Order to Confuſion runs,
And all our dwindling Muſick ends in Groans;
Zion, thy ancient Glories are decay'd,
Thy Lawrels wither, and thy Garlands fade;
Oh Sin! 'tis thou haſt this Deſtruction made.

X.

'Tis *Zion* then, 'tis *Zion* we deplore,
For her we grieve, for *Zion* is no more;

Our Eyes condole in Tears, and jointly ſmart
With all the Anguiſh of an aking Heart:
For who can hold, to ſee the woful Sight,
All Nations Envy, and the World's Delight,
Now grown a Deſart, where the Foxes range,
And howling Wolves lament the diſmal Change.

XI.

But thou, Unſhaken God, ſhalt ever be;
Thy Throne ſtands faſt upon Eternity:
Then muſt we thus by Thee forſaken lie,
Or loſt for ever, in Oblivion die.
Turn but to us, O Lord, we'll mend our Ways;
Oh! once reſtore the Joys of ancient Days;
E'en tho' we ſeem the Outcaſts of thy Care,
Refuſe of Death, and Gleanings of the War,
Reſume the Father, and let Sinners know,
Thy Mercy's greater than thy People's Woe.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXLVIII.

I.

O Azure Vaults! O Chryſtal Sky!
The World's tranſparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on Things be-
(low.

II.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are,

Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praiſes known,
On Earth his Footſtool, as in Heav'n his Throne.
Great Eye of all, whoſe Glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day.

III.

O Praiſe his Name, without whoſe Purer Light,
Thou hadſt been hid in an Abyſs of Night:
The Moon, and Planets who diſpenſe,
By God's Command your Influence;

IV.

Deſign to him, as your Creator due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you;
Faireſt, as well as Firſt of Things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings.

V.

O Praiſe th'Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who uſeth Thee for his Empyrial Robe;

Praiſe him ye lowd Harmonious Spheres,
Whoſe Sacred Stamp all Nature bears.

VI.

Who did all Forms from the Rude *Chaos* draw,
And whoſe Command is th'Univerſal Law;
The Watry Mountains of the Sky,
And you ſo far above our Eye.

VII.

Vaſt ever-moving Orbs exalt his Name,
Who gave its Being to your Glorious Frame.
Ye Dragons, whoſe Contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death;

VIII.

Change your fierce Hiſſing into Joyful Song,
And Praiſe your Maker with your Forked
(Tongue.

Praiſe him ye Monſters of the Deep,
That in the Sea's vaſt Bottom ſleep.

IX.

At whoſe Command the Foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, tremble and adore.
The Miſts and Vapors, Hail and Snow,
And you who through the Concave blow:

X.

Swift Executers of his Holy Word,
Whirlwinds and Tempeſts, Praiſe th'Almighty (Lord.
Mountains who to your Maker's View,
Seem leſs than Mole-hills do to you.

XI.

Remember how, when firſt *Jehovah* ſpoke,
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* did ſmoke.

Praiſe

Praiſe him ſweet Offspring of the Ground,
With Heav'nly Nectar yearly Crown'd.

XII.

And the tall Cedars celebrate his Praiſe,
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raiſe,
Idle Muſicians of the Spring,
Whoſe only Care's to Love and Sing.

XIII.

Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling (Throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt Note,
Praiſe him each Salvage Furious Beaſt,
That on his Stores do daily feaſt.

XIV.

And you tam'd Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtick Monarchs, mortal Gods,
Whoſe Power hath here no Periods.

XV.

May all Attempts againſt your Crown be vain,
But ſtill remember, by whoſe Power you reign;
Let the wide World his Praiſes ſing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* ſpring.

XVI.

And from the *Danube*'s froſty Banks, to thoſe,
Where from an unknown Head Great *Nilus* flows.
You that diſpoſe of all our Lives,
Praiſe him, from whom your Power derives.

XVII.

Be true and juſt like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praiſe him, old Monuments of Time,
O Praiſe him in your Youthful Prime,

XVIII.

Praiſe him fair Idols of our greedy Senſe,
Exalt his Name, ſweet Age of Innocence:
Jehovah's Name ſhall only laſt,
When Heaven, Earth, and all is paſt.

XIX.

Nothing, Great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable Eternity:
Exalt O *Jacob*'s Sacred Race,
The God of Gods, the God of Grace:
Who will above the Stars your Empire raiſe,
And with his Glory, recompence your Praiſe,

ON THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that Dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Aſhes lay,
As *David* and the *Sibyls* ſay.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the ſtrict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III.

The laſt loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV. Na-

IV.

Nature and Death ſhall, with Surprize,
Behold the pale Offender riſe,
And view the Judge with conſcious Eyes.

V.

Then ſhall, with Univerſal Dread,
The ſacred Myſtick Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge aſcends his Awful Throne,
He makes each ſecret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then! What Intereſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important Stake,
When the moſt Juſt have Cauſe to quake.

VIII. Thou

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhauſted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ranſom coſt,
Nor let my Dear-bought Soul be loſt,
In Storms of guilty Terror toſt.

X.

Thou who for me didſt feel ſuch Pain,
Whoſe precious Blood the Croſs did ſtain,
Let not thoſe Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging Powers obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)
Before the ſad Accounting Day.

XII. Sur-

XII.

Surrounded with Amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with *Mary*'s Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief.
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Prayer,
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare
Which Death and Gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Amongst thy chosen Right-Hand Race;
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI. From

XVI.

From that Inſatiable Abyſs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiſs,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliſs.

XVII.

Proſtrate my Contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forſake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curſe their Second Breath,
Who riſe to a reviving Death.
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let Guilty Man Compaſſion find.

HORACE,

Lib. 1. Ode 22. Imitated.

Integer Vitæ, &c.

I.

VIrtue (Dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms, but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poiſon'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

An Honeſt Mind, ſafely alone,
May Travel through the Burning Zone;

Or

Or through the deepest *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

While rul'd by a Resistless Fire,
Our Great **Orinda* I admire,
The Hungry Wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place,
That ever *Neptune* did embrace,
When there, her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so Blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,

**Mrs.* Katherine Phillips.

And when the Thirſty Monſters meet,
They'l all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *Orinda*'s Name,
Not only can their Fierceneſs tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to Roar in Verſe.

THE

GROVE.

AH happy Grove! dark and ſecure Retreat
Of Sacred Silence, Reſt's Eternal Seat,
How well, your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaſt Retirements of a Maid.

O! if kind Heaven had been ſo much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend,
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elizium* ſhould be mine.
Fond Men by Paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe *Idols* which their Fancy made;
Purchaſing Riches with our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a Gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our ſelves refuſe,
Oppreſs'd with Bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant Good,
Vain are the boaſted Titles of our Blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our Youth our ſhort-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increaſe our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wiſh for more.
How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous Aid!

Whoſe

Whoſe modeſt Cloaths no wanton Eye invite,
But like her Soul, preſerves the Native White;
Whoſe little Store, her well-taught Mind does (pleaſe,
Not pinch'd with Want, nor clogg'd with wan- (ton Eaſe.
Who free from Storms which on the Great Ones (fall,
Makes but few Wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No Care but Love can diſcompoſe her Breaſt,
Love, of all Cares, the Sweeteſt and the Beſt:
Whilſt on ſweet Graſs her Bleating Charge does (lie,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye.
Not one, on whom or Gods or Men impoſe,
But one, whom Love has for this Lover choſe:
Under ſome favourite Myrtle's ſhady Boughs,
They ſpeak their Paſſions in repeated Vows;

And whilſt a Bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful Heart makes as ſevere Returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And whilſt they live, their Flames can never die.

ROSS's GHOST.

SHame of my Life, Diſturber of my Tomb,
Baſe as thy Mother's proſtituted Womb,
Huffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,
I riſe, to tell thee, God has left thee, *Saul.*
I ſtrove in vain thy infected Blood to cure,
Streams will run muddy, when the Spring's impure.

In

In all your meritorious Life, we ſee
Old *Taff*'s invincible Sobriety;
Place of the Maſter of the Horſe, and Spy,
You like *Tom Howard* did at once ſupply.
From *Sidney*'s Blood your Loyalty did ſpring,
You ſhow us all your Parents, but the King,
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous Arms,
Unhappy he who ſuch a Viper warms,
As Dutiful a Subject as a Son,
To your true Parent, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th'Old Apoſtate fell,
Outdo his Pride, and merit more than Hell.
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The Firſt and Faireſt of the Sons of Light.
But when, like him, you offer'd at the Crown,
Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.

An ODE *for St.* Cecilia's *Day.*

I.

BLeſs'd *Cecilia!* Charming Maid!
Where ſhall Mortals ſeek for Aid,
Thee to ſing; Whoſe tuneful Lays,
Shall thy Skill in Muſick praiſe?
Let Muſick's powerful Voice thy Charms confeſs,
And to the vanquiſh'd Ear
Triumphantly declare,
What feeble Language can't expreſs.
Inſpir'd by thee, thy Sons their Duty ſhow,
And imitate below,
With Pious Love,
What Angels ſing above.

II. For

II.

For ever ſacred be the Day,
That happy Day, that gave thee Birth;
Or ſhall we rather ſay
Thou waſt from all Eternity;
And that this Glorious Earth,
This Sounding Air, yon Vaulted Sky,
Were reſcued from Confuſion firſt by thee;
For what is *Order*, but the Work of *Harmony*?

Firſt CHORUS.

Hail Goddeſs! then,
Belov'd of Men,
And kindly now aſſiſt our Song,
Which does of Right to thee alone belong.

III.

Let the Solemn Baſs,
With manly Grace,
Upon thy greater Praiſes dwell,
Which beſt its Nervous Tone can tell:
Its haughty Bound,
And pompous Sound.
The Spirits warm,
The Soul alarm,
And ſhake the trembling Air around.
Thy ſofter Arts,
To captivate our Hearts,
On Silver Strings,
The ſprightly *Treble* ſweetly ſings:
Like Rapture through our Veins,
It kindly binds the Soul in Silken Chains.

Second

Second CHORUS.

Hail Goddeſs! hail!
With Breath the ſpacious Organ fill,
With vital Breath, the Trumpet ſwell,
Inſpire the ſoftning Flutes with Skill.

Grand CHORUS.

And let *Cecilia*, Burthen of our Song,
For ever dwell,
In melting Accents on the Singer's Tongue.

A

Faithful Catalogue

Of our moſt Eminent

NINNIES.

Written by the Earl of Dorſet, *in the Year* 1686.

Vicini oderunt, noti, Pueri, atq; Puellæ quos, Omnes.

Hor. Serm. I.

CUrs'd be thoſe dull, unpointed, doggrel (Rhimes,
Whoſe harmleſs Rage has laſh'd our im- (pious Times.
Riſe thou, my Muſe, and with the ſharpeſt Thorn,
Inſtead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn;

Inſpir'd with juſt Diſdain, and mortal Hate,
Who long have been my Plague, ſhall feel thy Weight.
I ſcorn a giddy and unſafe Applauſe:
But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cauſe.
Let *Sodom* ſpeak, and let *Gomorah* tell,
If thoſe curs'd Walls deſerv'd their Flames ſo well.
Go on, my Muſe, and with bold Voice proclaim
The vicious Lives, and long deteſted Fame,
Of ſcoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives Amours,
Pimp Stateſmen, Canting Prieſts, Court Bawds and Whores;
Exalted Vice its own vile Name does ſound,
Thro' Climes remote, and diſtant Shores renown'd.
Thy Strumpets, *C——s*, have ſcap'd no Nations Ear,
——*d* the Van, and *P——th* leads the Rear:
A Brace of Cherubs, of as vile a Breed,
As ever was produc'd of Human Seed.

To

To all but thee, the Punks were ever kind,
Free as looſe Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.
Both ſteer'd thy P——, and the Nation's Helm,
And both b^{etray}d thy P—— and the Realm.
Oh *Barbara!* thy execrable Name
Is ſure embalm'd with everlaſting Shame:
Could not the numerous Hoſt thy Luſt ſuffice,
Which in laſcivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes;
When their bright Beams were thro' our Orb (diſplay'd,
And Kings each Morn their *Perſian* Homage paid?
Oh ſacred *J—s!* may thy dread Noddle be
As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:
But if that good and Gracious Monarch's Charms,
Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;
What ſtrange myſterious Spell, what ſtrong De- (fence,
Can guard that Front, which has not half his (Senſe?

Poor

Poor S———y's Fall, even her own Sex deplore,
Who with ſo ſmall Temptation turn'd thy Whore.
But G—n bravely does revenge her Fate,
And ſays, thou court'ſt her thirty Years too late;
She ſcorns ſuch Dwindles; her capacious A—
Is fitter for thy Scepter, than thy T——
Old D——r, S——y, and M——t, know,
Why in that ſtately Frame ſhe lies ſo low;
And who but her dull Block-head would have found
Her Windows ſmall Deſcent on riſing Ground?
Thro' the large Saſh, they paſs (like *Jove* of old)
To her attendant Bawd, in Showers of Gold.
M——t, (that inſolent ill-natur'd Bear)
From the cloſe *Grotto*, when no Danger's near,
Mounts like a Rampant Stag, and ruts his Dear.

But

But when by dire Miſchance, the harmleſs Maid
In the dark Cloſet, with loud Shrieks betray'd
The naked Leacher, what a woful Grief
It was? th'Adultreſs flew to his Relief,
And ſav'd his being murder'd for a Thief.
Defenceleſs Limbs the well-arm'd Hoſt aſſail'd,
Scarce her own Prayers, with her own Slaves (prevail'd:
Tho' well prepar'd for Flight, he mourn'd his (Weight,
And begg'd *Actæon*'s Change, to 'ſcape *Actæon*'s (Fate:
But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he (bounds,
And ſwift as Hinds, out-ſtrip'd the yelling (Hounds.
Beware Adulterers, betimes beware,
You fall not in the ſame unhappy Snare;

From

rom N—— k's Ruin, and his narrow Scape,
——on contented with a willing Rape,
n a ſtrong Chair, ſoft Couch, or Side of Bed,
Vhich never does ſurprizing Dangers dread;
et no ſuch Harlots lead your Steps aſtray,
er C——s will mount in open Clay;
nd from St. *James*'s to the Land of *Thule*,
here's not a Whore, who S——s ſo like a Mule:
nd yet her blund'ring *Dolt* deſerves a worſe,
ould Man be plagu'd with a ſeverer Curſe:
fitter Couple never ſure were hatch'd;
ome married are indeed, but they are match'd.
ut ſeeing they are lawful Man and Wife,
Vhy ſhould the Fool and Drazel live in Strife,
Vhile they both lead the ſame laſcivious Life?
r why ſhould he to *Megg's* or *Circut*'s come,
Vhen he may find as great a Whore at Home;

M——e

M———*e** (who all his Summons to big War
Safely commits to his wiſe Prince's Care)
Lords it o'er all Mankind, and is the firſt,
By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.
Well has his Staff a double Uſe ſupply'd,
At once upheld his Body, and his Pride.
How haughtily he cries, *Page, fetch a Whore,*
D— her, ſhe's ugly; *Raſcal, fetch me more*;
Bring in that black-ey'd Wench; *Woman, come near*
R— you, you draggled B—, What is't you fear?
Trembling ſhe comes, and with as little Flame
As he for the dear Part from whence he came.
Thine, crafty *S—r*, was a good Deſign,
For ſure his Iſſue ne'er will injure thine:

**He carried the Lord* Peterborough's *Challenge to the King.*

But thou thy ſelf muſt needs confeſs, that ſhe
Does juſtly curſe thy Politicks and thee:
Her Noble Proteſtant has got a Flail,
Young, large, and fit to feague her briny Tail;
But now, poor Wench, ſhe lies as ſhe would burſt,
Sometimes with Brandy, and ſometimes with Luſt.
Tho' Prince, as Goats, ſhe courts in vain her Drone;
The *Frigid* he, and ſhe the *Torrid* Zone.
Both Friend and Foe, he with vaſt Ruin mauls,
Who at firſt Thruſt before, both Sexes falls.
Had I, O! had I his tranſcendent Verſe,
In his own lofty Strains, I would rehearſe
That deep Intrigue, when he the Princeſs woo'd,
But lov'd Adult'ry, more than Royal Blood:
Young *O—y* (who lov'd the haughty Peer)
Her Mother's darling Sins could beſt declare;

But to her Memory we muſt be juſt,
'Tis Sacrilege to rob ſuch beauteous Duſt.
O *W——n*, *W——n!* what a wretched Tool,
Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Fool?
Thy Rammiſh Spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well (known,
Her nauſeous Bait has made thee ſwallow down,
Tho' mumbled, and ſpit out by half a Town:
How well my honeſt *L——n* ſhe knows,
The many Manſions in thy F—— Houſe?
How often prais'd thy dear curvetting T——,
Which thou rid'ſt curb'd, like an unruly Horſe?
How big with Joy ſhe went with thee to Church,
When thou (falſe Varlet) left her in the Lurch?
Ev'n *E —— t*, who refus'd none before,
Scorn'd to pronounce the Banns with ſuch a (Whore:

To

To *Pancras Tom*, there ſuch as ſhe reſort,
(That *Mother-Church too, does all Sinners court)
As ſhe has been thy Strumpet all her Life,
'Tis time to make her now thy lawful Wife,
That *B——y*'s Spouſe may pride it in her Box,
With Face and C—— all martyr'd with the (Pox.
In ſome deep Sawpit, both their Noddles hide;
For 'tis hard gueſſing which has the beſt Bride.
Ah *Tom!* thy Brother, like a prudent Man,
Has choſen much the better *Haradan*:
He, a good-natur'd candid Devil, ſhews
Him all the Bawding, Jilting Tricks ſhe knows.
By *Rook*, ſome trivial Cheats her Block-head (learns,
While he the Maſter *Hocus* ne'er diſcerns.

Said to be the Mother of St. Paul's.

To Pox and Plague, Oh! may ſhe ſubject be,
As ſhe's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free:
Her actual Sins invalidate the firſt,
With Eaſe ſhe teems, and brings forth unaccurſt.
To thee, *Lucina*, ſhe need never call,
Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Baſtards fall;
And what with needleſs Labour I diſcloſe,
Her well-ſtretch'd C——, and rival'd Belly (ſhows:
Whoever, like *Charles D——g*, ſcorns Diſgrace,
Can never want, although he loſe his Place;
That Toothleſs Murd'rer, to his juſt Reproach,
Pimps for his Siſter, to maintain a Coach;
And let what will the Church or State befall,
One fulſom crafty Whore maintains 'em all.
S——*le*, tho' loath'd, ſtill the fair Sex adores,
And has a Regiment of Horſe and Whores.

Amid

Amidſt the common Rout of early Duns,
For *Muſtard*, *Soap*, *Milk*, *Small-Coal*, *Swords*, and (*Guns*:
Two Reverend Officers (more highly born)
Wait on his ſtinking Levee every Morn,
And in full Pomp, his Palace Gates adorn.
But which is moſt in Vogue, is hard to tell,
The publick Bawd, or private Centinel;
That blubber'd Oph, for two dull dribbling Bouts,
Maintains two Baſtards made of *Jinny*'s Clouts.
E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd *E—n* ſpoil'd,
Yet it can't touch a Wench, but ſhe's with (Child;
But who can think that peſtilential Breath,
Should riſe up Life, that always blaſts with (Death?
Tis ſtrange *K——e*, that refin'd *Beau Garſon*
Was never yet at the *Bell-Savage* ſhown,
For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.

It therefore wiſely was at firſt deſign'd
He ne'er ſhould like to propagate his Kind,
But the dull venom'd Draught, in vain imploy'd,
Like the falſe Serpent's, was it ſelf deſtroy'd.
With foul Corruption ſure he firſt was fed,
And by equivocal Generation bred.
An honeſt **Solon* Gooſe, compar'd to him,
Is a fine Creature, and of more Eſteem.
No learn'd Philoſophers need ſtrive to know,
Whether his Soul's *Ex traduce* or no.
He has none yet, nor never will I fear;
No Soul of Senſe would ever enter there,
I wonder he dares ſpeak, for fear we jirk,
His lazy Bones, and make the Monkey work.
If aged *D*———*e* has left the Trade,
And had enough of coſtly Maſquerade,

* *A Sort of Geeſe bred in* Scotland.

With

With renew'd Flames your old Amours purſue,
Now *R*———*r* has nothing elſe to do.
Well done, old *H*—*e*, we all thy Choice adore,
She is the younger, and much better Whore.
But *H*——*s* has ſure to his eternal Curſe,
Left his own Strumpet, and eſpous'd a worſe.
That blazing Star ſtill riſes with the Sun,
And will, I hope, whene'er it ſets, go down.
St. *Peter* ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice,
But good St. *Edward* ſcorns to be ſo nice:
He, every Maſs, abjures what he before,
On Teſts, and Sacraments, ſo often ſwore.
His Mother Church will have a ſpecial Son
Of him, by whom his Father was undone.
He turn'd, becauſe on Bread alone he'd dine,
And make the Wafer ſave his Bread and Wine.
Mammon's the God he'll worſhip any way,
And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.

Forbid it Heaven, I e'er ſhould live to ſee
Our pious Monarch's gorgeous Chapel be
Fill'd with ſuch Miſcreant Proſelites as he.
Miſerere Domine! Ave Maria!
Poor Father *Dover* has got a *Gonorrhœa.*
Was e'er (dread J——s) ſo much Affection (ſhown,
He'd ſave thy Soul, but cares not for his own.
How S——y prays, the old Adult'rous Fop,
May find it a *Cormegan* ſwinging Clap.
Unhappy Maid! who Man has never known,
And yet, with perilous Pangs brought forth a Son!
Our **Chyro-Medico Dydimus* nothing ſmelt,
'Till he the ſprawling Bantling heard and felt.
And now it ſurely cannot be deny'd
By him, who cur'd the King of what he dy'd.

---

*Dr. K---g.

How

How *H*———*t* boasts, that his wise King's-Head (Crew,
Foretold the dismal Times we all should Rue.
Curs'd be the Screech-Owls! that rebellious Crowd,
Presag'd indeed *Rome*'s swift Approach, as Loud,
As wise *Cassandra*'s boding Voice of old,
The wretched Fate of Ancient *Rome* foretold.
But why is he against the bringing in
Any Religion that indulges Sin?
He who his other Charges can retrench,
To save Ten Guinea's for a handsom Wench;
Or be content to part with Twenty Pound,
If Mrs. *W*——*t* insure her being sound.
That Ideot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad
To serve him now, for Favours she has had.
But who (dear *H*—*y*) ever heard before,
Of Gratitude in any common Whore?

She mounts the Price, and goes half-Snack (ſelf,
And well knows how to cully ſuch an Elf.
Poor *Jimmy* I muſt needs much more applaud,
A better Whore, and truer Friend and Bawd.
Like the *French* King, he all his Conqueſts buys,
And powerful *Guinea* ſtill ſubdues their Eyes.
How his ſmug little Black Ey'd Harlot gaz'd
On's hoarded Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!
But *F*—— (not truſting to the Miſer's Truth)
Like *Joſeph*'s Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;
Sometimes he'll venture for himſelf to Trade,
With awkward Grace, at Balls and Maſquerade.
But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er the near,
Unleſs he got my Lady *G*——*d* there?
Her Qualities to all the World are known;
Fair as his Kin, and honeſt as her own.

She makes her Brothel worſe than common Stews,
And loves to *S*—— in her own Tribe, like *Jews*.
Inceſt with neareſt Blood, Adult'ry, all
Her darling Sins, we may well deadly call.
Whate'er in Times of *Yore* ſhe may have been,
Her Luſt has now parch'd up her rivel'd Skin.
Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge, declare
What ſhe and *O*——*y* did ſo often there.
That *ſcribling Fool, who writes to her in Metre,
And only ſpeaks his Songs to make 'em ſweeter.
Great *Virgil*'s true Reverſe in Senſe and Fate;
For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.
To be but thought a Wit, he loſt his Place,
And yet to ſhow he is not of that Race,
Will write himſelf, and add to his Diſgrace.

* *Tom D'Ur--y.*

His *Valentinian*'s learned Preface ſhines,
Like *Memphis* Siege, or *Bulloign*'s radiant Lines.
Among the Muſes all his Time he ſpends,
And his whole Study towards *Parnaſſus* bends:
Yet if for his, one handſome Thought be ſhown,
Stop the dull Thief; I'll ſwear 'tis not his own.
Satyr's his Joy, but if he don't improve,
Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.
That Fop ſhe (*H——t*) more than thee admires,
He often quenches her laſcivious Fires.
In vain poor *H——y*, with ridiculous Joy,
Shews her, and every Fool, his hopeful Boy:
His City Songſters, ſays he, keep ſuch a Pother,
She's ſure he'll ne'er be able to get another.
Join then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store,
And make them happy, as they were before;
That is, may the decay'd inceſtuous Punk
Swill like his Spouſe, and he, like her, die drunk.

Why,

Why, *H——n*, has the good old Queen the (Grace,
To ſee thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon-Face?
Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been (free
From *Iriſh* Prigs, and ſuch dull Sots as he.
The wakeful Gen'ral, conſcious of thy Charms,
Dreads thine, as much as *M——h*'s fierce Alarms.
Yet ſure there is a greater Ditch between
A greaſy Whiggiſh Dolt, and *C——s*'s Queen.
There is, and *H——n* ſoars not yet ſo high,
His Ogling Pigſnies dote on Lady *Di.*
That Gudgeon on ſoft Baits will only bite,
For eaſy Conqueſts are his ſole Delight.
And none can ſay, but that his Judgment's good,
For all the *K——s* are made of Fleſh and Blood.
V——n, the Glory of that luſtful Tribe,
Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe:

To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,
But freely gives, what Nature freely gave.
Like Heirs to Crowns, with ſure Credentials born,
Her haſty Baſtards private Entries ſcorn;
In midſt of Courts, and in the midſt of Day,
With little Peril, force their eaſy Way.
But *Woodford* is, methinks, a better Seat,
And for diſtended Wems, a ſafe Retreat.
'Twas well advis'd (old *K—k*) no Dangers fear'd,
No Groans, nor yelling Cries, can there be heard:
In this lewd Town, and theſe Cenſorious Times,
Where ev'ry Whore rails at each other's Crimes.
Fair *Theodoſia*! thy Romantick Name
Had ſure been blaſted with eternal Shame:
But thy wiſe Stratagems ſo well were laid,
I'd almoſt ſwear, thou art a very Maid.

o on, and ſcorn our common S—— Rules,
et W——p make th'inceſtuous Uncles Fools,
While *Prudence* Pimps, and ſuch a Foe combines,
npregnate more and more thy ſeedy Loins,
hou ſtill art ſafe; tho' thy large Womb ſhould (bear,
ike hers, who teem'd for every Day o'th' Year.
roud O——d juſtly thinks her *Dutch*-built (Shape,
little too unweildy for a Rape.
et being conſcious it will tumble down,
t firſt Aſſault, ſurrenders up the Town.
ut no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit
o make it his belov'd Imperial Seat.
hat batter'd Fort, which they with Eaſe de- (ceive,
illag'd, and ſack'd, to the next Foe they leave.
nd haughty *Di*, in juſt Revenge will try't,
Although ſhe ſtarve) with any ſenceleſs Wight;

Not

Not that to any Principle ſhe's firm,
But is debauch'd by damn'd ſeducing Sperm.
S———*y* well knew the banning Hour, when
(Seven,
The Main throws out, or elſe a Nick, Eleven:
When her decrepid Spend-thrift, Troopleſs *R*—*k*,
Is meek as *Moſes*, hid in Fire and Smoak.
Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,
For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot Debate:
But our two doughty Heroes, I am told,
Which is the trueſt Father, fiercely ſcold.
Both Claims ſeem juſt and great; but gen'rous
(*H*———*s*,
Who always is on the right Side, prevails.
He will not only ſave its Life, but Soul;
So poor *P*—*l K*—*k* is fubb'd off for a Fool.
But 'tis all one; Sir *Courtly Nice* does ſwear,
He'll go to Mrs. *Grace* of *Exeter*.

But why to *Ireland*, *B——t*? Is't the Clime,
Doſt thou imagine, makes an eaſy Time?
Ungratefully indeed thou didſt requite
The skilful Goddeſs of the ſilent Night,
By whoſe kind Help thou waſt ſo oft before,
Deliver'd ſafely on thy Native Shore.
Thy Belly ſhin'd, and an unuſual Load
Made thee believe *K—k*'s Shoulders were too (broad.
And thou'dſt be ſure we ſhould not hear thee (roar:
And if poor *Tuſſey Muſſey* ſhould be tore,
Wiſely reſolv'd *Ned* ſhould ne'er ſee it more:
But ſince all's well, return, that we may laugh
At *Iriſh* C——s, which in all Climes are ſafe.
Juſtly (falſe *M——h*) did thy Lord declare,
Thou ſhould'ſt not in his Crown nor Empire ſhare.

Indeed (dear Limp) it was a juſt Deſign,
Seeing he had ſo ſmall a Share of thine.
Brave *F——m*, that thund'ring Son of Arms,
With powerful Magick, conquer'd both your Charms.
Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant, run away,
Juſt like that curſed Miſcreant Coward *G——l*,
And as poor *J——s* from his new Subjects did,
At laſt, from thy fair Breaſt the General fled.
His Converſation, Wit, and Parts, and Mein,
Deſerv'd, he thought, at leaſt a widow'd Queen.
Nor wert thou ſorry, ſince moſt Seeds are found
To flouriſh better, when we change the Ground.
He ſtruck in Years, and ſpent in Toils and War,
Could pleaſe thee leſs than did the ſtrong *D—s*?
Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Coſt,
He, as he was moſt able, lov'd thee moſt.

But politick *M——h* thought it too much Grace,
For one t'enjoy too long ſo great a Place.
C——s next ſucceeds the lovely Train,
And round his Neck diſplays a Captive's Chain:
He, greater Fool than any of the reſt,
They ſay, will marry with the trimming Beaſt;
Which if he does, Oh! may his Blood be ſhed,
On that high Throne where her laſt Traytor bled.
Myſterious Powers! what wond'rous Influence
Governs (the Ruling Stars) poor Mortals Senſe?
What unknown Motive our dread King per-
(ſwades,
To make lewd *Ogle* Mother of the Maids?
The gracious Prince had ſure much wiſer been,
Had he made *S——d* Tutreſs to the Queen;
And then, perhaps, her chaſt Inſtructions would
Have ſav'd a World of unbegotten Blood:

But pious *J—s* (with profound Parts endu'd)
Will prefer none, but whom he knows are lewd.
S——a, *B——s*, all the Court breed,
Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.
Ye ſcoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs adorn,
Than that ſmall paultry Whore, more highly born.

If you are wiſe, apply your ſelves betimes,
None highly merit now, but by their Crimes,
And the King does what e'er he's bid by *G—s.
Which made the wiſer Choice, is now our Strife.

H—l his he Miſtreſs, or the †Prince his Wife:
Thoſe ‖Traders ſure will be belov'd as well,
As all the dainty tender Birds they ſell.

---

* *By whom ſhe got the Reverſion of Mr.* C——'s *Place.*
†N——d.
‖ *Both Poulterers.*

The learned Advocate (that rugged Stump
Of old *N*—'s Honour) always lov'd the Rump;
And 'tis no Miracle, ſince all the *H*——'s,
Were given (they ſay) to raiſe inteſtine Broils;
But ſeeing, to the upright Juror's Praiſe,
We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days;
The Lawyer ſwears he greater Hazard runs,
Who F— one Daughter, than a hundred Sons:
Prepoſt'rous Fate! while poor Miſs *J—y* bauds,
Each Forreign Fop, her Mothers Charms ap-
(plauds.
Autumnal Whore! To every Nation known!
A Curſe to them, and Scandal to her own.
Forgive me, (Chaſter *H*——*n*) if I name
Her ſtinking Toes with thine of ſweeter Fame.
Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;
But as ſhe's richer, ſhe's a greater Whore.

What with her Breath, her Armpits, and her Feet,
Ten Civet Cats can hardly make her Sweet.
From all the Corners of the noiſom Town,
The Filth of every Brute ran freely down,
To that inſatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore,
'Till it broke out, and poiſon'd her all o'er.
Poor *B*———*m* in unſucceſsful Vèrſe,
And Terms too mild, did her lewd Crimes rehearſe.
Bold is the Man that ventures ſuch a Flight,
Her Life's a Satyr, which no Pen can write;
And therefore curſed may ſhe ever be,
As when old **H*—*e* was catch'd with *Rem* in *Re*.

Cætera deſum.

---

* *Lord* M——e *found her in Fact with my Lord* R——r.

Madam Maintenon's ADVICE TO THE FRENCH KING.

Written by the Earl of Dorset, *in* 1697.

I.

IN Grey-hair'd *Celia*'s wither'd Arms,
Whilst mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd, If I have any Charms,
My Dearest, let's away.

II.

I tremble for you, when I hear
Of Drums, the dreadful Rattle;
Alas! Sir, what ſhould you do here
In Day of diſmal Battle?

III.

Perhaps you'll ask, What can repair
The Ruins of your Glory?
You ought to leave ſo mean a Care
To thoſe that Pen your Story.

IV.

Are not *Corneille* and *Boileau* paid
For Panegyrick Writing?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the Help of Fighting.

V.

Your Foes too ſaucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly:
Clap ſix good Horſes in your Coach,
And carry me to *Marly*.

VI.

Let *Boufflers*, to ſecure your Fame,
Go take ſome Town, or buy it;
While you, Great Sir, at *Noſtre-Dame*
Te Deum ſing in Quiet.

THE ENJOYMENT.

By Mr. Tho. Otway.

I.

CLaſp'd in the Arms of her I love,
In vain, alas! for Life I ſtrove:
My flutt'ring Spirits, wrap'd in Fire
By Love's Myſterious Art,
Born on the Wings of fierce Deſire,
Flew from my flaming Heart.

II. Thus

II.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
Her ſwelling Breaſts bore up my Head;
When waking from a pleaſing Dream,
I ſaw her killing Eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances ſeem
To ſay, Now *Cælia* dies.

III.

Fainting, ſhe preſs'd me in her Arms,
And trembling lay, diſſolv'd in Charms;
When, with a ſhivering Voice, ſhe cry'd,
Muſt I alone then die?
No, no, I languiſhing reply'd,
I'll bear thee Company.

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
Swift Joys our Wiſhes did out-run;

Then

Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Bliſs,
We bid the World, *Adieu*;
Swearing by every charming Kiſs,
To be for ever true.

THE INCHANTMENT.

By the ſame.

I.

I Did but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to reſiſt, I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

II.

To ſigh and wiſh, is all my Eaſe,
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldeſt Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III.

O! would your Pity give my Heart
One Corner of your Breaſt,
'Twould learn of yours, the winning Art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

HORACE,

Lib. II. *Ode* 4. Imitated.

The Lord G---- *to the E. of* S----

Ne ſit ancillæ, tibi Amor Pudori, &c.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant Earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *B*———*le* the Brown,
But publickly eſpouſe the Dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the Town.

II. Full

II.

ull many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good Commanders,
ome who with you have *Hounſlow* ſeen,
And ſome who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

id not baſe *Greber*'s *Pegg* inflame
The ſober Earl of *N*———*m*,
Of ſober Sire deſcended,
hat careleſs of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-Houſes he Nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

he Monarch who of *France* is hight,
Who rules the Roaſt with matchleſs Might,
Since *William* went to Heaven;
Loves *Maintenon*, his Lady bright,
Who was but *Scarron*'s Leaving.

V. Tho'

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn,
At grizly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler Kin
Then e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large, her Choice had ſhe,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which ſhe with Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph ſo Virtuous be,
Of baſe-born Blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguiſh Eye,
Her ſlender Waſte, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII. The

VIII.

Then be not Jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhall hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of Five and Forty.

HORACE,

Lib. III. Ode 3. *Imitated.*

By William Walſh *Eſq;*

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum, &c.

THE Man that's Reſolute and Juſt,
Firm to his Principles and Truſt,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;
No Paſſions his Deſigns controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can ſhake his ſteady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets deſpair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The ſhatter'd World may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory roſe,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes:
Of this their Poets ſing.
Theſe were the Paths their Hero's trod;
Theſe Acts made *Hercules* a God;
And Great *Naſſau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he ſtood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way;
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Deſign.

The Men whom ſelfiſh Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd:
But here, a Church for Succour flies,
Inſulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes, with ardent Zeal,
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
The wounding Hand to bind:
See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
And Prieſts, like Locuſts, ſcout away
Before the Weſtern Wind.

Law ſhall again her Force reſume,
Religion clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,
With brighter Rays advance:
The *Britiſh* Fleet ſhall rule the Deep,
The *Britiſh* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor ſhall theſe Promiſes of Fate,
Be limited to my ſhort Date,
When I from Cares withdraw;
Still ſhall the *Britiſh* Scepter ſtand,
Shall flouriſh in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

She ſhall domeſtick Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags ſhall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain:
She ſhall loſt *Italy* reſtore,
Shall make the Imperial Eagle ſoar,
And give a King to *Spain*.

But know theſe Promiſes are given,
Theſe great Rewards, Imperial Heaven
Does on theſe Terms decree;
That, ſtrictly puniſhing Men's Faults,
You let their Conſciences and Thoughts,
Reſt abſolutely free.

Let no falſe Politicks confine
In narrow Bounds your vaſt Deſign,
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a ſufficient Cauſe,
To puniſh Men by Penal Laws,
For not believing Right.

Rome, whoſe blind Zeal deſtroys Mankind;
Rome's Sons ſhall your Compaſſion find,
Who ne'er Compaſſion knew.
By nobler Actions theirs condemn;
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

Theſe Subjects ſuit not with the Lyre;
Muſe, to what Height doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The Thoughts of God, and Godlike Kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty Things;
By mean ignoble Verſe.

HORACE,

Lib. IV. Ode 5.

Turn'd into Engliſh *by Way of Imitation, and humbly addreſs'd to his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough, *inſtead of* Auguſtus, *to whom it is dedicated in the Original.*

Divis orte bonis, Optime Romulæ
Cuſtos Gentis, &c.

I.

O Born! when Heav'ns Propitious deign'd to ſmile,
Thou Beſt and Braveſt Champion of our Iſle!
Too long haſt thou been abſent from our Sight,
Too long unhappy *Britains* mourn
Thy ſlow Return;
And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral (Right.

II. Re-

II.

Return, brave Prince, thoſe radiant Beams reſtore,
That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'd'ſt its Shore;
For like the Spring's, when thy bright Aſpect's ſeen,
It on the People darts its Rays,
And introduces Sun-ſhine Days,
And all the Land does ſmile, and all the Sky's ſerene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
Whom the *South* Wind on Foreign Coaſts detains,
Beyond his wonted and accuſtom'd Time,
From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
And will not from the Shore avert her Face;
But upwards ſends her Vows and Pray'rs,
Expenſive of her briny Tears,
In Hopes to ſee him reach his native Clime.

Thus urg'd by faithful Wiſhes and Deſires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Preſence, Oxen plow the Fields;
And *Ceres* with Increaſe her Bleſſings yields;
As every Project to our Wiſh ſucceeds,
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
From *Gallia*'s Naval Threats is free,
And Virtue grows in Faſhion from thy Virtuous (Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaſt Example's Due,
No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew,
That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
That Laws are put in Force,
And Puniſhments come on of Courſe,
When obſtinate Offenders will thoſe Laws diſown.

VI. Who

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot*?
Or the dark Miſchief's falſe *Bavarian*'s Plot?
Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Sweed*?
If *Marlb'rough*'s free from Harms,
The World againſt us is in vain in Arms,
And in his Health alone, *Britain*'s from Danger (freed.

VII.

e thou but ſafe, we'll ſafely ſpend our Days,
nd undiſturb'd will Plants and Flowers raiſe;
Vill lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
nd toaſt our fam'd Defender's Health, by which (we dine.

VIII.

o thee our Wiſhes and our Cups go round,
Vith many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd,

While

While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the ſame Reverence to thy Praiſe,
As *Greece* in ancient Days,
Shew'd to their *Caſtor's*, or *Alcides* deathleſs Fame.

IX.

O matchleſs Prince! for ſo the Muſe requeſt,
Return, and lengthen our *Thanksgiving-Feaſt*;
Extend them to an endleſs Round of Years,
Or make one Holy-day of Time,
'Till thou Cœleſtial Regions climb,
And leave us all diſconſolate in Tears.
These are our Day-break Wiſhes, when a-thirſt we (wake,
And theſe our Sun-ſet Vows, when we full Bum- (pers take

Tibi ſumma Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis.
Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt urbes.
Mart. *l.* 9.

UNIO.

DUM Roſa purpureo ſuffunditur ore Rubore,
Spina gravis nitidi floris amore Calat.
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
Et jam blanda ſuæ porrigit ora Roſæ.
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,
Quæ regit hortorum maxima Flora *Vices;*
Feliçes jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utriſque
Unus & ex uno ſtemmate ſurgat honos.
Hoc decus æternum, dixit, mea, Da, Roſa, Spinæ,
Et tu perpetuam protege Spina Roſam.

The ſame in Engliſh.

WHile rich in brighteſt Red, the bluſh-(ing Roſe
Her freſheſt op'ning Beauties did (diſcloſe;
Near, the rough Thiſtle, from a Neighb'ring Field,
With fond Deſires and Lovers Eyes beheld:
Straight

Straight the fierce Plant lays by his pointed Darts,
And woes the gentle Flower with ſofter Arts:
Kindly ſhe heard, and did his Flame approve,
And own'd the Warriour worthy of her Love.
Flora, whoſe happy Laws the Seaſons guide,
Who does in Fields and painted Meads preſide,
And crowns the Gardens with their Flowry Pride,
With Pleaſure ſaw the wiſhing Pair combine,
To Favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid 'em in Eternal UNION join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning Year,
One Stem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting Grace, thou, Oh my Roſe! ſhalt be,
The Warlike Thiſtle's Arms, a ſure Defence to thee.

To the two new Members for Bramber, 1708.

THO' in the Commons House you did (prevail.
Good Sir CLEVE MOORE, and gentle (Master HALE;
Yet on good Luck, be cautious of relying,
Burgess for *Bramber* is no Place to dye in.
Your Predecessors have been odly fated;
SGILL and SHIPPING have been both *Translated.*

A Description of the Battle and Victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, near Hochstet, obtain'd by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Anno 1705.

By Mr. *Edmund Smith*, of *Oxford.*

I.

JAnus, did ever to thy wond'ring Eyes,
So bright a Scene of Triumph rise?
Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* such Laurels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious Year?

When

When firſt at *Blenheim*, *Anne* her Enſigns ſpread,
And *Marlb'rough* to the Field the ſhouting Squa-
(drons led,
In vain the Hills and Streams oppoſe,
(roſe.
In vain the hollow Ground in faithleſs Hillocks
To the rough *Danube*'s winding Shore,
His ſhatter'd Foes the Conqu'ring Hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard Eyes
The Rapid Torrent roul, the Foaming Billows
(riſe;
Amaz'd, agaſt, they turn, but find
In *Marlb'rough*'s Arms, a ſurer Fate behind.
Now his red Sword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking Heads deſcends:
Wild diſtracted with their Fears,
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding Deeps,
The Flood away the ſtrugling Squadrons ſweeps,
And Men, and Arms, and Horſes whirling bears

The

The frighted *Danube* to the Sea retreats,
The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,
Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA*'s Fleets.

III.

Rooke on the Seas asserts her Sway,
Flames o'er the trembling Ocean Play,
And Clouds of Smoak involve the Day.
Affrighted *Europe* hears the Cannons roar,
And *Africk* Ecchoes from its distant Shore.
The *French*, unequal in the Fight,
In Force superior, take their Flight.
Factions in vain the Hero's Worth decry,
In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, *Janus*, with a future View,
The Glories of her Reign survey,
Which shall o'er *France* her Arms display,
And Kingdoms now her own subdue.

Lewis,

Lewis, for Oppreſſion born;
Lewis, in his Turn, ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy Swains,
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for Chains.
Others inſlav'd by Victory,
Their Subjects, as their Foes, oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

ON

CONFINEMENT.

By Sir Roger L'Eſtrange.

BEat on, proud Billows, *Boreas* blow;
Swell, curled Waves, high as *Jove*'s Roof;
Your Incivilities do ſhow,
That Innocence is Tempeſt-Proof.

Tho

Tho' ſurly *Neptune* roars, my Heart is calm;
Then ſtrike, *Affliction*, for thy Wounds are Balm.
This Thing, the World miſcalls a *Jayl*,
A private Cloſet is to me,
Whilſt a good Conſcience is my Bail,
And Innocence my Liberty.
Locks, Bolts, and Bars, tho' altogether met,
Make me no Pris'ner, but an Anchoret.
I, whilſt I wiſh'd to be retir'd,
Into this private Room was turn'd,
As if their Wiſdom had conſpir'd,
A *Salamander* ſhould be burn'd;
Or like a *Sophy*, who can drown a Fiſh,
I am condemn'd to ſuffer what I wiſh.
The *Cynick* hugs his Poverty,
The *Pelican* her Wilderneſs;
And 'tis the *Indian*'s Pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucaſus*.

Contentment cannot ſmart; *Stoicks*, we ſee,
Make Torments eaſy by their Apathy.
Theſe Manacles upon my Arms,
I, as my Miſtreſs's Favours, wear,
And for to keep my Ankles warm,
I have ſome Iron Shackles there.
Theſe Walls are but my Garriſon; this Cell,
Which Men call *Jayl*, doth prove my Cittadel.
So he that ſtruck at *Jaſon*'s Life,
Thinking to make his Purpoſe ſure,
By a malicious friendly Knife,
Did only wound him to a Cure.
Malice of late wants Wit; for what is meant
Miſchief, oft-times proves Favour in th'Event.
Here Sin, for want of Food, does ſtarve,
Where tempting Objects are not ſeen;
And theſe ſtrong Walls do only ſerve
To keep Vice out, not let in Sin.

Malice of late's grown charitable, ſure
I'm not committed, but am kept ſecure.
I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like ſome high-priz'd *Margarite*,
Or like to ſome *Mogul*, or *Pope*,
I'm cloiſter'd up from publick Sight.
Retir'dneſs is a Point of Majeſty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as Great as thee,
What tho' I cannot ſee my King,
Neither in's Perſon, nor his Coin,
Yet Contemplation is a Thing
That renders to me what's not mine.
My Prince from me, what Adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my Heart?
When once my Prince Affliction hath,
Proſperity doth Treaſon ſeem;
And to make ſmooth ſo rough a Path,
I can learn Patience too from him.

Now not to ſuffer, ſhews no Loyal Heart;
When Kings want Eaſe, Subjects muſt learn to ſmart.
Have you not ſeen the *Nightingal*,
When turn'd a Pilgrim to her Cage,
And heard her tell her wonted Tale,
In that her mournful Hermitage?
Ev'n then her chirping Melody does prove,
That all her Bars are Trees, her Cage a Grove.
I am that Bird, which they combine
Thus to deprive of Liberty;
Altho' my Body they confine,
Yet maugre Hate, my Soul is free.
Tho' thus inclos'd, yet can I chirp and ſing,
Diſgrace to Rebels, Honour to my King.

The Greyhound Strip's *ELEGY*; *with a Piece of his Skin annex'd.*

Diana, come, attend this mournful Story,
Here's *Strip* lies dead, of all thy Leaſh (the Glory.
Behold his Head, all of the wond'rous Snake!
His Neck, the Emblem of the towring Drake!
Lo! there his ſcaly Back, like Oaken Beam,
With ſtately Belly of the gliding Bream!
His oval Foot, like the Majeſtick Cat,
His whisking Stern outvies the Warlike Rat?
Renounce thy Pleaſure, and thy Bow lay by;
Thine Arrows never did ſo ſwiftly fly.
His Strength, his Beauty, and his Courage too,
Out-ſtripp'd 'em all, for none like him could do;
He never miſs'd the Game he did purſue.

Oft have I ſeen the trembling Puſs go by,
Strait turn up white, and without flixing die;
Alas! ſhe knew it was in vain to fly.

Witneſs ye **Karn-Bray* Hills, and Downs of *Conner!*

Poching †*Dick Flower* ſwears upon his Honour;
‖ *Redruth* and *Wendron* do atteſt the ſame,
And bear this Record, to his matchleſs Fame;
The Plains of *Sarum* never yet did yield
A Dog his Equal, nor *Newmarket* Field.
Rejoice, ye Hares! your Jubilee is come,
Leap, friſk, and play, until the Day of Doom.

---

* *Places that breed the ſtouteſt Hares in* Cornwal.
† *A Country Parſon.*
‖ *Two honeſt Gentlemen that live in theſe Pariſhes.*

THE

THE ROYAL FOLLY: OR *The Czar of* Muſcovy's *Expedition*, Anno 1697.

By *Edward Ward*, Gent.

OF Ramblings and Follies, you oft have (been told,
Since their Wits and their Language (confounded of old,
Our Father Knight-Errants, from *Babylon* ſtrol'd,
The *Macedon* rang'd for Drink, Women, and Glory,
And *Cæſar* for Matter to pen a fine Story;
Ambition and Love ſent old *Tony* a madding,
And People will fancy why *Sheba* ran gadding.

Next Chivalry flourish'd, 'till Fate proving kind,
The Heroes and Lovers to *Bedlam* confin'd;
Then Mankind, with wand'ring Devotion possess'd,
To Relicks and Shrines, weary Journeys address'd.
On Pilgrimage Holy, the *Loretto* Church (Lurch.
Bilk'd her Lodgings, and left the poor *Turk* i'th'
Of *Bernham-Wood* Travels, *Scotch* Chronicles talk,
And *Kynaston* Hill, as *Stow* tells us, did walk.
Sticks and Stones may prove Block-heads, and (keep a damn'd Stir,
But Things which have Reason and Sense, should (not err:
Will our Nephews believe, that the Prince should (out-run
(And no Friend to with-hold him) his Country (and Throne:
'Tis Nonsense so obvious, they never will bear it,
Tho' *Glanville* should write it, or *Titus Oates* (swear it.

With a Rabble of Princes, an Hero was come,
To see those strange Sights he had heard of at home;

On

On a Rusty Throne long had he rev'rendly snor'd,
By his Brother Brutes envy'd, by Subjects adored;
For he thought, like his Dad, how the Joys of (Mankind
Were to Brandy and Wenches by Heav'n confin'd:
Till *Fame*, so well skill'd in her Banter and Lies,
As to make *C—tts* an Hero, and *W——n* Wise;
In the Shape of *Leffort* (for as I have heard)
Ill Spirits (like Favourites) always appear'd,
With Dreams of strange Pleasures, and Hopes to (grow Great,
Took a Fancy to puzzle W—— Pate;
Of Countries she told him, and quarrelsome (Crowns,
Fam'd for cutting of Throats, and demolishing (Towns;
Where the old Men were Sage, and Yonkers all (Brave,
That is, one was a Fool, and the other a Knave;
Nay, she swore 'twas a Shame a Monarch should (rest,
Content with his Ease, and well pleas'd to be blest;

Whilst

Whilſt all *Europe* was mad, nor ſhe hop'd would
(be wiſer,
From the Atheiſt of *France*, to the bigotted *Keiſar*;
So young Monſieur went, without writing or
(reading,
To *Sardam* for Study, and *Holland* for Breeding.
Strait an Embaſſy thither is order'd to go
To make a fine Speech, and a very brave Show;
But leaſt that his Nobles miſtake in their Story,
Or fail'd in their Credit, ſhould tarniſh his Glory;
Diſguis'd in the midſt of their Train he was got,
As *Teague* us'd to carry the Letters he wrote.
Thus a Whimſey of Fortune transform'd the poor
(Czar,
From the Pride of the *North*, to an awkward
(*Dutch* Tarr.
So *Jove*, from his Glory and God-head releas'd,
When he rang'd for new Joys, took the Shape
(of a Beaſt,
To *Amſterdam* came, having view'd the whole City,
He ſtar'd, and he ſcratch'd, and he ſwore it was
(pretty.

But

But *Sardam* alone, like his *Moscow*, could find
Joy worthy of Czar, and conform'd to his Mind.
'Twas there with a Friend he had formerly made
A Smith; but the Great Turk himself has his (Trade,
To study a Science so wond'rous, he said;
'Twas there that his Praise on their Anvils all rung;
'Twas there that he hammer'd, he drunk, and he (sung.
To *Vulcan* of old, from Divinity tost,
In the Joys of a Forge, found the Heaven he lost.
But as *Venus*, to crown all his Glories did fail,
Till *Love* pierc'd his Heart with a Ten-penny Nail,
Which from bonny *Kate* he mischievously stole;
Kate, the Smith's only Hope, and Delight of (his Soul,
With Eyes bright as Fire, and black as a Coal.
With Eyes that with Pleasure her Lovers behold,
In a Region like *Ætna*, what Nymph could be (cold?

Or

Or with nice Resistance would baulk the warm Joy;
Where the hardest of Metals grow gentle and ply
Thus he liv'd, and with Fetters so soft ne'er had
(strove
'Till Honour still envying the Conquest of Love
In the Name of ten Tarrs, to th' *Texel* did cite him
To a Farce of their own, they were sure would
(delight him
With Musket and Feather, the Youth of the Town
In Hoy, and in Dung-barge, were nimbly drawn
(down
A well whisker'd Tarr, was the Head of the Show,
Whose Fame aud Mustachio's did equally grow
He mounted on one Yacht, and the Czar on the
(other
Resolv'd to distinguish themselves in the Pother
But what Muse is able to tell the wild Rout,
How these gave Broadsides, and how those tack'd
(about
'Till the Admirals boldly resolved to close,
And venture for Fame, where was no Fear of Blows.

And

nd now mighty Actions had ſurely been done,
uch Proweſs diſplay'd, and great Honour been (won;
f which the *Courants* and the *Gazettes* had rung,
nd Ballads unborn might hereafter have ſung:
ut *Fate*, which ſtill ſports with the mightieſt of (Things,
reaks the ſtrongeſt Deſigns, banters Heroes and (Kings:
ade the Rain to pour down, and the Weather (to blow;
eſides, diſmal Groans did reſound from below.
me thought 'twas *de Ruyter*, who loudly pro- (claim'd,
hat of each awkward Folly his Ghoſt was (aſham'd;
ho' others in *Nether-Dutch* Sounds not un- (knowing,
y 'twas nothing but Frogs diſturb'd by their (rowing.
ut whether it was the old Fantom they fear'd,
r whether they fancy'd what never was heard;
heir Trouble was great, for away they all flunk, (Punk.
he *Dutch* to their Brandy, and the *Czar* to his

UPON
Seigniora Franciſca Marguarita's
SINGING.

By the Lord H——x.

HAil! tuneful Pair, ſay, by what wond(drous Charms
One 'ſcap'd from Hell, and one from (*Greber*'s Arms
When the ſoft *Thracian* touch'd the trembling (Strings
The Winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy (Wings
And when the Tawny *Tuſcan* rais'd her Strain,
Rook furls his Sails, and dares it on the Main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the Office ſleep,
And *Shovel* yawns for Orders on the Deep.
Thus equal Charms, and equal Conqueſts claim;
To Him high Woods, and bending Timber came;
To Her, *Shrub-Hedges*, and tall *N*——*m*.

SATYR

SATYR to his MUSE;

By the Author of

ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Written by the Rt. Honourable the Lord S---

Quo Liceat Libris, non licet ire mihi:
Turpiter huc, illuc Ingenioſus eat.

HEar me dull Proſtitute, worſe than my (Wife,
Like her the Shame and Clog of my (dull Life,
hoſe firſt Eſſay was in a Tyrant's Praiſe,
wdy in Prologues, Blaſphemous in Plays,
lewd, thou mad'ſt me for the Church unfit,
d I had ſtarv'd but for a Lucky Hit,
hen the weak Miniſters implor'd my Wit.

Stol'ſt

Stol'ſt me from Buſineſs, where I might have made
A ſolid Fortune, to thy Barren Trade,
My Father wiſely bid me be a Clerk;
Thou whiſper'dſt, Boy, be thou a Tearing Spark:
I, from that fatal Hour, new Hopes purſu'd,
Set up for Wit, and awkwardly was lewd,
Drank 'gainſt my Stomach, 'gainſt my Conſcience
(ſwore,
Againſt my Will, I marry'd a Rank Whore:
After two Children, and a third Miſcarriage,
By Brawny Brothers Hector'd into Marriage:
Affected Rapes and Luſts I'd never known,
As if that all GOMORRAH was my own;
Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever ſee me Gay,
To Writing bred, I knew not what to ſay,
With ſcolding Wife, and ſtarving Chits beſet,
When I want Money, and no Friend will treat
Chear'd with one Cup of thy *Caſtalian* Spring,
I can abuſe the Church, my Friend and King;

Te

Tell him he's Jilted, Fool'd, led by the Nose,
Then like *Almanzor* turn upon his Foes;
Libel his Miſtreſſes and Stateſmen too,
Then o'er his Whoring Life old *David* throw,
By whom *Uriah* was ſo baſely ſlain,
But our Good Monarch ſpares his *Caſtlemain*,
And *Oates* his Plots and Treaſons ſwears in vain;
Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
And then deny it with a Thouſand Oaths.
Adriel to pleaſe, call *Rocheſter* a Fool,
Sedley a Capuchin, and *Dorſet* dull.
I like *Borosky* by the falſe Count hir'd,
On *Scroop* my Blunderbuſs of Satyr fir'd,
In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too,
What more to *Hall* or *Cranbourn* cou'd I do,
Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to woo.
Thou'lt ſay, perhaps, What is all this to thee,
If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be!

But then thou ſhould'ſt thy Sacred Aid refuſe,
When I invoke it to ſo baſe an Uſe;
Blunt of my murd'ring Pen the killing Point,
And honeſtly refuſe the odious Hint.
But thou ne'er com'ſt ſo gladly to my Call,
As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall:
Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
Lady abus'd, or Virtuous Action blam'd?
Thou with officious Haſt rank'ſt every Word,
And giv'ſt thy raging Madman a ſharp Sword;
Devils to Witches are not more at Hand
Than thou, when I an Helliſh Task command;
To thee ungrateful! What has *Monmouth* done,
That, *Parſon*-like, thou call'ſt him *Abſalon*,
And by that Name doſt fooliſhly infer,
He from old *David*'s Head the Crown would tear.
Was he ambitious, he had kept his Place,
Stood high in *David*'s as the People's Grace,

And

And Warlike Chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
To the whole Nations Hearts had joyn'd their (Hands,
Of publick Good diſſembled his deep Care,
With the falſe *Jebuſite* a-while kept fair,
Then in ſome great deciſive glorious Day,
Make thoſe vile Cormorants diſgorge their Prey,
Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
Thoſe darling Morſels of their longing Jaws:
Wiſe *Stanley* thus, 'till *Boſworth*'s fatal Day,
Did ſeeming Faith to cruel *Richard* pay,
But left the Tyrant in the Heat of Fight,
And brought Succeſs to *Harry*'s drooping Right.
Monmouth's brave Mind could no Diſguiſe en- (dure,
Still Noble Ways preferring to Secure;
While *David* laviſhes his People's Love,
He buys the Purchaſe with Deſign t'improve;

And, like ſome prudent Kinſmen, reconvey
What the Wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
Leſt the Great Ancient Family decay.
Good honeſt *David*, why wouldſt thou have made
Of ſuch a Son and Parliaments afraid,
Which whilſt he ſways, what Faction dares diſpute,
Or who can ſay, He is not Abſolute!
Thro' them he may command the Peoples Purſe,
And ſpend their Wealth and Blood without a Curſe;
By Laws they would a Popiſh Heir exclude,
Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd;
Againſt *Navarre* the Factious Princes leagu'd,
And the Right Heir the Papal World intrigu'd,
When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
The State Religion he was forc'd to own,
The harmleſs People took it in good Part,
The Zealous Church yet ſtabb'd him to the Heart,

Taught

Taught all by Story there was no Defence,
But they muſt change their Faith, or change (their Prince:
Who would not here the like Extreams prevent,
And ſettle Things by Aid of Parliament.
Thou only Court preſiding at the Helm,
Which mak'ſt all others uſeful to the Realm;
Inferior Judges trembling to decree,
What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee:
The Chancellor's and ill Stateſmen's only Dread,
For it is thou alone can reach their Head;
By thee fell *Wolſey* and falſe *Clarendon*,
Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone;
Both overwhelm'd for daring to remove,
Or ſtem the Torrent of their Maſter's Love,
The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd,
The other made lov'd *Stuart Richmond*'s Bride,
And with the Royal Blood, for ever mingled *Hide*.

To their own Ruin can all Men agree,
And none the Precipice but Courtiers ſee:
Courtiers who importune the Sovereign,
To pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their Gain;
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
And cannot thrive but when the Nation pines.
Unhappy we, if rul'd by ſuch, whoſe Rent
Conſiſts in Breaches of the Government.
Some few there are with great Eſtates indeed,
Yet labour with Imaginary Need:
Strange Sort of Fools, who for one Penſion more,
Inſlave themſelves, and all they had before;
Others with Titles and new Earldoms caught,
Would give up all for which the Barons fought;
They're equally unfit for Government,
Who nothing have, or nothing will content.
Who bid thee, in *Achitophel*'s vile Name,
Old *David*'s Errors and his Faults proclaim.

Or ſay, *Plots True or Falſe are needful Things,*
To ſet up Common-wealths, and pull down Kings:
That *David* (whom thou doſt with Reverence name)
Charm'd into Eaſe, grows careleſs of his Fame,
And brib'd with petty Sums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old;
That like the Prince of Angels, from his Height,
He now comes downward with diminiſh'd Light.
If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,
Who ſhall the Poet from the Traytor part.
The People's Voice, of old the Voice of God,
Thou call'ſt the Voice of an unruly Crowd:
Crowds are the Fools,———
That flock to thine and *Durfey*'s Loyal Plays,
And give implicit Claps on your Third Days;
About the Stage of *Mountebank* they wait,
And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
But have, like thee, no Intereſt in the State.

Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* bow,
But with old *England* what hast thou to do.
Who from our Kings an useful Power would take,
Nor have they Power, but for the People's Sake
Disarm themselves, and *Anarchy* bespeak.
Kings may do Good at their full Stretch of Will,
And need not for a Strain or Law stand still;
They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment kill,
Confin'd, like God, only from doing Ill.
Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,
Some Houses were blown up, and some pull'd down;
None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood,
A Private Mischief's for the Publick Good.
Tho' we all perish, yet we must forbear
VI
The Sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
If we thy foolish Politicks should hear.

Some-

Somewhere there must a Sovereign Power be,
In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;
The Sacred Ties of Marriage can dissolve,
And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,
And injur'd Husbands, legal Widowers;
Cut off Entails, make New, repeal Old Laws,
And of Contending Kings decide the Cause.
Thus from the Helm our learned *Richard* thrust,
Confess'd their Power, and own'd their Sentence just.
And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* sate,
Whilst *Harry* liv'd a Prisoner of State.
Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife;
Here *Jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night,

In

In his Defence each private Man may kill;
Muſt then a Nation periſh, and ſtand ſtill!
If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not fight
When can a Chriſtian Sword be in the Right?
Oh! the prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting
To call *Achit'phel*'s Son, Unfeather'd Two-leg'd
(Thing!
So by old *Plato*, Man was once defin'd,
'Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* ſelf may vye,
For all but Courage, Wit, and Honeſty:
As loud he roar'd 'gainſt the Prerogative,
As ſharply blam'd, as ſtingily would give,
'Till his own Wants oblig'd him to receive,
And on his cheated Sire he could no longer live;
Whoſe whole Eſtate when he in Truſt had got,
Thy honeſt *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
Thy *Huſhai* next, a true Friend e'er a Man,
So ſoon his Dearneſs with his Prince began,
Wa

Was but Fourteen when *David* was abroad,
Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod.
Which he deserv'd when he with Tears reply'd,
And in full House the loyal Baby cry'd,
How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
And add Experience to his native Truth!
Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
As every Fool, Whore, Bully has done since,
No other Merit he has no Pretence.
Barzillai's Praise I could rehearse again,
And make the second Labour of my Pen;
Wise, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
Born t'all that Fortune for her Darlings meant,
Who nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,
When he beheld the Sovereign in Distress,
No Arms he flew, but with bold *Cato*'s Fate,
Espous'd the Cause that Fortune seem'd to hate:

Stri-

Striving to ſave the Head that wore the Crow
He pull'd the mighty Ruin on his own.
But why extoll'ſt *Jeruſalem*'s *Sagan*,
At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon;
Not *Magdalen*, poſſeſs'd in all her Prime,
With her Ten Devils could have equal'd him
Why wouldſt thou call thy *Adriel* a Muſe,
And *David* of his haſty Riſe accuſe,
When we all know, the ſame obliging Hand
Gave him his *George*, and *Ch—ll* his Comman
Jermin his Country Houſe, and *Bromwich* h
(Point Ban
Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle Thing,
Famous for Jeſts upon the Church and King;
One while *Pythagoras*'s harmleſs Food,
For Thoughts and Politicks muſt cool his Bloo
And then again with Whores and luſty Wine
Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that din

Quibble

quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and trifling Wit he has,
nd like the *Sweed*, is very Rich in *Braſs*;
gainſt the Court, and *David*'s ſelf he roar'd,
ow ill he govern'd, and how worſe he whor'd;
Vould ſwear, a *Parrot* had more Wit than *Nelly*,
Vith her parch'd Face more wrinkled than P—
(Belly.
et now to both, like Popiſh Saints he prays,
Vhich ſhews he will not burn in *James*'s Days;
his Plain Band, and Honeſty in ſhow,
e only aim'd at *Da——y*'s Overthrow;
Vhich when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
nd farewel all his Plain well-meaning Friends,
here was no Plot, no Popiſh Duke to fear,
Vith *Da——y* all our Dangers diſappear:
Da——y thus ſetting, to prevent dark Night,
his paler Moon ſhews forth its clearer Light,
iſguides our Counſellors with her Glim'ring Ray,
nd all our Men of Buſineſs loſe their Way,

Our

Our Parliament's diſſolv'd, New Members mee
An *Oxford* Journey muſt allay their Heat;
But the true *Engliſh* Intereſt appear'd,
The *Silver-Smiths* for their *Diana* fear'd,
Popery would paſs on us in no Diſguiſe,
No Flowers could hide that Serpent from our Eyes
Were in ſuch Haſt diſſolv'd, that in the Street,
New Choſen with Diſſolving Members meet;
And then a Paper in good *David*'s Name,
Muſt the Proceedings of the Houſe defame.
Sheriffs and Juries pack'd, Juſtices made,
Knights of th'Addreſs, and all falſe Colours laid
To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate.
What *Sampſon* in a Dungeon Captive, blind,
In ſpiteful Rage for Cruel Foes deſign'd,
The Houſe of Commons muſt be thought to do,
Againſt themſelves, and thoſe that truſt them too

The

The Head ſhall ſooner fear its own Right Hand,
Parents their ſmiling Infant's Death command,
The chearful Birds ſit ſilent in the Spring,
Than *Lords* and *Commons* hurt the *Realm* or *King*.
They may thy Heroes, that ſmall faithful Band,
Precious Councellors, who dare ſingly ſtand,
Gainſt the Collective Wiſdom of the Land.
David in Exile had more Friends, than thou
Wilt to his beſt, his happieſt, Days allow.
Why ſounds thy Trumpet in the Time of Peace,
Art thou afraid our Differences ſhould ceaſe,
That thus thou talk'ſt of Rebels, Treaſons, more
Than any *Iriſh* Witneſs ever ſwore?
Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,
Care not what Ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me Propheſy, and mark me well,
Ere thrice the Roſe renews its fragrant Smell,

People

People and King ſhall joyn, like Man and Wife,
And both abhor the Engines of their Strife;
No more ſhall they endure a Hackney Pen,
And thou caſhier'd, ſhalt to the Stage again,
Pleaſe none but ſilly Women, or worſe Men;
David ſhall find Duty an empty Word,
(For diff'rent Faiths can never have one Sword;
The Knot of Friendſhip is but looſely ty'd,
'Twixt thoſe that Heavenly Concerns divide,)
He then ſhall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes ſhall their Language be.
Monmouth be bleſs'd for all that he has done,
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF *BAUCIS and PHILEMON.*

Burleſqu'd from the VIIIth *Book of* OVID,
By the Author of the Tale of a Tub.

IN Antient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write,

Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a ſmall Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strollers Canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.
Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village paſs'd,
To a ſmall Cottage came at laſt,
Where dwelt a good honeſt Yeoman,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*,
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his Poor Hut to paſs the Night;
And then the Hoſpitable Sire
Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire,

Whilſt he from out the Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook,
And freely from the fatteſt Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd;
Then ſtep'd aſide to fetch them Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And juſt began to cry, What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view,
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle Saints were ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:

Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits ſaid,
No Hurt ſhall come to you, or yours;
But for that Pack of churliſh Boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian Ground,
They and their Houſes ſhall be drown'd:
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your Cottage riſe,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.
The Kettle to the Top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a Joiſt;
But with the Upſide down, to ſhew
Its Inclination for below.

In Vain; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, ſtops its Courſe:
Doom'd ever in Suſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.
A wooden Jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by Diſuſe the Art to roaſt,
A ſudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Inteſtine Wheels.
And what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion ſlower:
The Flyer, though't had Leaden Feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't,
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret Power,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone,

But up againſt the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And ſtill its Love to Houſehold Cares,
By a ſhrill Voice at Noon declares;
Warning the Cook-Maid, not to burn
That Roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
The Groaning-Chair began to crawl,
Like an huge Snail, along the Wall,
Then ſtuck aloft, in publick View,
And with ſmall Change a Pulpit grew.
The Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a leſs Noble Subſtance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.
The Ballads paſted on the Wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*,

Now

Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter,
And high in Order plac'd, deſcribe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.
A Bedſtead, of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber (many a Load),
Such as our Anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews;
Which ſtill their ancient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The Cottage, by ſuch Feats as theſe,
Grown to a Church by juſt Degrees;
The Hermits then deſir'd their Hoſt
To ask for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon having paus'd a-while,
Return'd them Thanks in homely Stile;
Then ſaid, My Houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill would call it mine:

I'm old, and fain would live at Eaſe,
Make me the Parſon, if you pleaſe.
He ſpake, and preſently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-ſleeve:
His Waſtcoat to a Caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a Sable Hue,
But being old, continued juſt
As Thread-bare, and as full of Duſt.
His Talk was now of Tithes and Dues,
Could ſmoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text.
At Chriſtnings well could get his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wiſh'd Women might have Children faſt,
And thought whoſe *Son* had *Farrow*'d laſt.

Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *Right Divine*:
Found his Head fill'd with many a Syſtem,
But Claſſick Authors he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
They having furbiſh'd up a Parſon,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd the Farce on,
Inſtead of Home-ſpun Coif, were ſeen
Good Pinners, edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoats transform'd apace,
Became Black Satin, flounc'd with Lace:
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam, in her Grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo Prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their Change of Life,
Were ſeveral Years this Man and Wife;

When

When on a Day which prov'd their Laſt,
Diſcourſing on old Stories paſt,
They went by chance amidſt their Talk,
To the Churchyard to take a walk:
When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out,
My Dear, I ſee your Forehead ſprout.
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And truly yours is budding too.
Nay, now I cannot ſtir my Foot,
It feels as if 'twere taking Root.
Deſcription would but tire my Muſe,
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to Yews.
Old Goodman *Dobſon* of the Green,
Remembers he the Trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
And goes with Folks to ſhew the Sight:

On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Prayer,
He gathers all the Pariſh there;
Points out the Place of either Yew,
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
'Till once a Parſon of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down:
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other Tree was griev'd,
Grew ſurly, died, at Top was ſtunted,
So the next Parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

TO

Mr. Thomas Murray,

On a Celebrated

PICTURE,

Drawn by him:

REPRESENTING

George Granville, *Henry St. John*, and *Thomas Cook*, Eſquires.

INform me, *MURRAY*, by what wondrous (Skill,
Thoſe living Figures that dead Canvas fill.
Tell me the Secret of thy Sacred Art,
To pleaſe the Judgment, and inchant the Heart;
That I, from thee may copy'd Nature trace,
With equal Spirit, and with equal Grace.

When

When *GRANVILLE* in thy matchleſs (Draught I ſee,
His Beauteous Genius ſeems to ſhine in thee.
Thy finiſh'd Picture's like his finiſh'd Muſe,
Strong without ſtiffneſs, without Licence looſe.
Such is the Man you in your Piece diſplay,
Wiſe in his Mirth, and in his Wiſdom Gay.
The blended Colours well the Life maintain,
Expreſs his hidden Wiſh, and **Mira*'s Reign.

To *St. JOHN*, when we turn our wond'ring (Eyes,
We gaze with equal Pleaſure and Surprize.
The ſprightly †*Teian*, we in him behold,
And how he liv'd, and how he laugh'd of old.
The Loves and Graces crown'd the jolly Feaſt,
And *Bacchus* was himſelf the Poet's Gueſt.

---

* *See Mr.* Granville's *Poems.*
† Anacreon.

Thus in his Hand the Chryſtal Goblet flow'd,
Thus in his Cheeks the kindling Paſſion glowd,
And ev'ry Look confeſs'd a double God.

He's warm'd with Mirth, and well diſſembled (Wine,
Which point his Wit, and in his Humour ſhine.

The Picture ſpeaks the happy Jeſt we hear,
And taſte the painted Juice and mimick Cheer,
Thy Pencil thus our ev'ry Senſe deceives,
And nothing to the ſearching Critick leaves.
So lively all, ſo beautiful and juſt,
We more our Senſes than thy Art diſtruſt.
That Fire, that Elegance, what Hand but thine
Could hit ſo well, and animate each Line;
Thy happy Strokes the real Life improve,
And all that ſee thy Figures, think they move.
Why, *Phœbus*, are the Siſter-Arts ſo weak?
Or let the Poem paint, or Picture ſpeak;

Nor

Nor that ſo little, this ſo much expreſs,
But give the Poet more, or Painter leſs.

COOK next we ſee, and ſoon as ſeen approve,
Nor can with Eaſe our raviſh'd Eyes remove.
So bold his Attitude, ſo fit his Place,
And all with ſo much Life, and ſo much Grace,
Th'Original himſelf the Piece might ſee,
With Pride, and in Amazement cry, *'Tis me.*
So nice his Dreſs, ſo elegant his Air,
With ſoft Impreſſions it affects the Fair.
The Colours, the Deſign, his Humour hit,
Expreſs his gen'rous Soul, and manly Wit.
The friendly Joy that in his Looks appears,
Deceives our Sight, and in deceiving chears.
Our wand'ring Fancies with thy Figures rove,
And ſeek the limpid Stream, and ſilent Grove.

(Green
The diſtant Rock we view, the neighb'ring
The Shades, and revel in the *Sylvan* Scene;
The lovely Landskip we around ſurvey,
Like Nature ſmiling in the Bloom of *May*:
Oh bleſs'd Retreat! Oh Solitude Divine!
With Friendſhip crown'd, with honeſt Mirth
(and Wine
Such be my Fate, the glad Spectator cries,
Be ſuch my future Life, and ſuch my Joys.
Sure, *MURRAY*, there's no Limits to thy Art
At once it charms the Eyes, and warms the Heart
Nor moves the Man in Part, but takes him
(Whole
And, like the ſpeaking Poem, ſtrikes the Soul.
Is't thus with every Pencil, or is thine
Apollo's Fav'rite, and alone Divine?
Immortal *Phœbus*, as our common Sire,
Should ev'ry Painter, ev'ry Bard inſpire.

As ev'ry Poet does a Siſter chuſe,
So ev'ry Painter has alike his Muſe.

But who can which is thine directly ſay?
Or is't the Great, the Tender, or the Gay?
Or rather, did not all the Nine conſpire?
One gave thee Grace, another gave thee Fire,
And each contributed her Part, to ſhew
What Art, aſſiſted by the Muſe, can do.
Niggard of late, they to the Bards are coy,
And few their Favours now, or none, enjoy;
Or worthier of thy Work had been my Song,
To match its Merit, and to live as long.

Why *Britains!* Why do you your ſelves deſpiſe,
And look on *Britiſh* Arts with ſcornful Eyes?
Partial to others, to your ſelves unjuſt,
Their Talents you admire, your own diſtruſt.

All that's of *Italy* is wond'rous fine,
But **Execrable* ev'ry *Britiſh* Line;
Tho' Nature, Strength, and Art, at once are ſeen,
With you 'tis dull, Inſipid all, and Mean.
E'en to the *French*, the hated *French*, you yield,
Forget your Glory, and the conquer'd Field;
In Arts ſuperior, you to them ſubmit,
And for *Impertinence* exchange your *Wit*:
Thro' ev'ry Science this bad Humour goes,
What Painter dares a *Britiſh* Piece expoſe?
What Poet on the *Britiſh* Stage appear?
What Voice is heard, if *Valentini*'s there;
Strange Fate of Art in our ungrateful Land,
You like that moſt, which leaſt you underſtand;
That moſt you praiſe, which leaſt deſerves Ap-
(plauſe,
And ever judge by Whimſy, not by Laws;

---

* *A Civil Term given by a certain* French *Muſician to every Thing that's* Engliſh.

To

To Nature all Pretences you forego,
And nothing now but foreign Monſters do.

Oh *MURRAY!* ne'er thy Senſe and Art betray,
To pleaſe them in their own licentious Way;
By Life thy living Imitations draw,
Let Nature be thy Guide and give thee Law;
Be to thy ſelf and to her Precepts true,
And ever wilt thou find her Beauties new:
For ſuch the Poet, ſuch the Painter's Rules,
And wretched he who errs, to flatter Fools.
As ev'ry Face a double Likeneſs wears,
That fits the Painter beſt, which beſt appears;
To ſhew the Beauties, the Defects to hide,
If that is Error, let the Fair decide;
At leaſt, 'tis erring on the ſafeſt Side.

Genius to Names and Climes is not confin'd,
Nor form'd by Nature of the *Phœnix* Kind.
* Fortune and Faction may their Fav'rite crown,
But Merit will not be engroſs'd by *One*.
The Poet this, and this the Painter knows,
Who keeps his Ground, who by a Party roſe;
Poſterity to all will equal be,
But may the living Age be juſt to Thee.

---

* *It has been the Fate of Painting and Poetry in* England, *to be under the Tyranny of One Name or Two; Fortune gave 'em Favour, and Favour, Merit. This is ſo well known, that it needs no Application.*

SONG.

ON A

Young Lady,

Who ſung finely, and was afraid of a COLD.

By the Earl of Roſcommon.

I.

WInter, thy Cruelty extend,
'Till fatal Tempeſts ſwell the Sea,
In vain let ſinking Pilots pray,
Beneath this Yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing Froſt and laſting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Deſtruction ſow.

II.

Yet we unmov'd will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer Ills create;
Theſe we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, bleſs'd Genius of our Iſle,
From Winter's Rage, defend her Voice,
At which the liſt'ning Gods rejoice.

III.

May that Celeſtial Sound, each Day,
With Extacy tranſport our Souls:
While all our Paſſions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Cares away;
Let no ungentle Cold deſtroy,
All Taſt we have of Heavenly Joy.

ON

ON THE

DEATH

OF

A Lady's DOG.

By the ſame.

THou, happy Creature, art ſecure
From all the Troubles we endure:
Deſpair, Ambition, Jealouſy,
Loſt Friends, nor Love, diſquiet thee.
A ſullen Prudence drew thee hence,
From Noiſe, Fraud, and Impertinence;

Tho' Life eſſay'd the ſureſt Wile,
Gilding it ſelf with *Laura*'s Smile,
How didſt thou ſcorn Life's meaner Charms,
Thou who couldſt break through *Laura*'s Arms:
Poor Cynick! Still methinks I hear
Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear,
As when on *Laura*'s Lap you lay,
Chiding the worthleſs Crowd away:
How fondly humane Paſſions turn,
What then we envy'd, now we mourn.

THE RECONCILEMENT:

BETWEEN

Mr. C—e, *and* I—b T—n.

BEING

A Burleſque Imitation of Donec gratus eram, &c. Hor. Lib. III. Ode 9.

T—n. WHile at my Houſe in *Fleet-ſtreet* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, (Time paſs'd away:
While I partook your Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,
I was the happieſt Creature on God's *Yearth.*

C——e.

C——e. While in your early Days of Reputa-
(tion,
You for Blue Garters had not ſuch a Paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your Trade is
)
To drink with noble Lords, and toaſt their Ladies;
Thou, *J—h T—n*, wert, to my conceiving,
The chearfulleſt, beſt, honeſt Fellow living.

T—n. I'm in with Captain *V——g*, at the
(preſent,
A moſt *ſweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and
(Models,
And builds Dukes Houſes upon very odd Hills:
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I were ſure to go to Heaven, would die.

C——e. *T—le*, and *D——l*, are now my
(Party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio*, both, *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I ſhall ſcarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix Nights in ſeven.

T—n.

T—n. What if from *Van*'s dear Arms I (ſhould retire,
And once more warm my *Bunnians* at your Fire;
If I to *Bow-ſtreet* ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. *C——e*, Would you come?

C——e. Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle (Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a dancing Bear:
Yet for your Sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear *Cob*, with only you.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
ROSAMOND,
AN
OPERA,
WRITTEN
By Mr. Addison

By W. WALSH *Esq;*

CLoy'd with Successes, and releas'd from (Care,
Mars humbly now pays Homage to the (Fair:
Tir'd with Command, with Pride he here obeys,
And at your Feet his Sacred Lawrel lays.

The

The Victor, vanquish'd by your conqu'ring Eyes,
If you but frown, iu midst of Triumph dies.
For what avail the Glories of the Field?
What Joys can *Blenheim* or *Ramillia* yield?
What *Brussels*, *Ghent*, and every hostile Town,
Or by his Fame, or by his Valour won,
If the coy Nymph, unmov'd by all his Pain,
Damp his warm Onsets with her cold Disdain?

At Intervals of War, in these fair Bowers,
Victorious *Henry* pass'd his softest Hours:
Here he retir'd with *Rosamond* the Fair,
Who sooth'd her Hero, tir'd with Toils of War.
Tho' Virtue now these * statelier Mansions grace,
Valour and Beauty still shall rule this Place.

---

* *This refers to the Scene of* Blenheim-*Castle in this Opera.*

In

In that high Palace *Mars* shall keep his Court,
To these cool Shades the *Graces* shall resort;
Each by their Lustre shall the World surprize
The Greatest Hero, and the brightest Eyes.

The EPILOGUE.

THE Nymph who oft has been expos'd to (View,
And dy'd each Year at Fair of *Bartholmew*,
In these our milder Scenes preserv'd alive,
Does the keen Dagger and the Bowl survive.
An *English* Queen insulting o'er the Slain,
Had look'd incredible in *ANNA*'s Reign:
But she's preserv'd in vain, a Foe appears,
Whom worse than *Elenor* the Fair one fears.
The Bowl escap'd, she still with trembling Heart
Reflects on the *Italian* pois'ning Art:

Her

Her Safety an Impoſtor undermines,
Who with the Strength of that whole Nation (ſhines.
But ſure this *Æſop*-Bird in vain preſumes,
On borrow'd Notes, and Party-colour'd Plumes;
For if beneath the Motly Dreſs you look,
You'll find the gawdy Fowl an Errant Rook.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at a Repreſentation of

TAMERLANE.

By Dr. GARTH.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bids you, (*Brittons*, arm.
To Valour much he ows, to Virtue more,
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to Reſtore:

He

He ſtrains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons perſwade
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
Born for Mankind, They by his Labour live;
Their Property is his Prerogative.
His Sword deſtroys leſs than his Mercy ſaves,
And none (except his Paſſions) are his Slaves:
Such, *Brittons*, is the Prince that you poſſeſs,
In Council greater, and in Camp no leſs:
Brave, but not Cruel, Wiſe, without Deceit;
Born for an Age, curſs'd with a *Bajazet*.
But you diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power
With you a Monarch's Right admits Diſpute,
Who give Supplies are only abſolute.
Brittons, for Shame your factious Feuds decline
Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line.
Aſſert loſt Right: An *Auſtrian* Prince alone
Is born to nod upon a *Spaniſh* Throne.

No leſs a Cauſe ſhould the Great *Eugene* call,
Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*;
He ſhows you your loſt Honours to retrieve,
Your Troops would fight, would but your Senate (give.
Quit your Cabals, aſſociate, and in Spite
Of *Whig* and *Tory*, in this Cauſe unite.
One Vote will then ſend *Anjou* back to *France*,
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
Elſe to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
Ev'n Exil'd Gods, of old, were *Latium*'s Care,
At worſt he'll find a *Corniſh* Borough here.

THE Maids Complaint: A SONG.

By Stephen Clay *Eſq*;

I.

CUſtom, alas! does partial prove,
Nor gives us ev'n Meaſure;
A Pain to Maids it is to Love,
But 'tis to Men a Pleaſure.

II. They

II.

They freely can their Thoughts explain,
But ours muſt burn within;
We have got Eyes and Tongues in vain,
And Truth from us is Sin.

III.

Men to new Joys and Conqueſts fly,
And yet no Hazards run;
Poor we are left if we deny,
And if we yield, undone.

IV.

Then Equal Laws let Cuſtom find,
Nor thus the Sex oppreſs;
More Freedom give to Womankind,
Or give to Mankind leſs.

SONG:

In Imitation of an ODE *of* Horace *to* Barine.

By the ſame.

I.

OH! that I could one Blemiſh find,
To moderate my Pain!
On that alone I'd fix my Mind,
And you ſhould charm in vain.

II.

I ran thy Face and Body o'er,
But thou art lovely there;
Thy Speech, thy Mind, I did explore,
Thou'rt lovely ev'ry where.

III. Through

III.

Through all Mankind you ſpread Deſires,
Old Age no Freedom knows;
And as each Youth to Man aſpires,
Your Empire larger grows.

IV.

But all that's Female you muſt ſhun,
(Their Envy ſooths your Pride)
You rob the Mother of her Son,
And of her Spouſe the Bride.

TO THE QUEEN, ON *The Death of his* Royal Highness *Prince GEORGE of* Denmark.

By Mr. Joseph Trapp, *M. A.*

WHEN weeping Majesty thro' Clouds appears,
And all *Britannia's* Hope dissolves in Tears;
'Tis Universal Grief; and all would show
Their Zeal to lessen such important Woe.
While others various Arts of Comfort use;
Accept of ours, GREAT PRINCESS, nor refuse
The Consolations of th'officious Muse,

Who

Who ſighs for You, and labours in her Turn,
To heal that Sorrow, which whole Kingdoms (mourn.
With Cauſe indeed You grieve, with mighty (Cauſe
Lament harſh Deſtiny's reſiſtleſs Laws,
When the dear Partner of Your Joys and Cares
No more ſurvives, no more Your Counſels (ſhares;
No longer lives t'adorn Your Court, and bleſs
Your warlike Reign with all the Sweets of Peace,
To heighten Fortune's Smiles, allay her Frowns,
And eaſe the long Fatigues that wait on Crowns.
All was harmonious; no Diſpute between
Th'ambiguous Rights of *Conſort*, and of *QUEEN*,
When mutual Tenderneſs unqueſtion'd ſway'd,
And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.
How did the pious Royal Pair improve
The brighteſt Patterns of Connubial Love!

Which ſtill in all ſhall Admiration raiſe,
O! Would they imitate, as well as Praiſe.

In Life's Decay, to Sickneſs forc'd to yield,
He fought, 'tis true, no Lawrels in the Field:
How could he then thoſe tedious Toils ſuſtain,
With lab'ring Lungs that heav'd for Breath with Pain?
How range the thick'ning Squadrons into Form,
Or teach th'uncertain Battle when to ſtorm?
As when his Strength, not yet in its Decline,
Stood firm, and gave the Hero Leave to ſhine.
When oft renown'd in Northern Wars, he led
His hardy *Danes*, and charging at their Head,
With ſwift Deſtruction cruſh'd the valiant *Sweed*;
Reſcu'd his ſinking Brother from the Foe,
And ſav'd a King, and Kingdom, at a Blow.

Or

Or when he march'd with *WILLIAM*'s Arms (to joyn,
And ſhar'd with him the Glory of the *Boyne*.
Nor, when retir'd, did all his Labours ceaſe;
Silent, but not inglorious, was his Eaſe.
Your Realms with delegated Rule he aw'd,
Gentle at Home, as rough and brave Abroad.
Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's Charms,
And Hero ſtill in Piety, or Arms.

Tho' all theſe Honours to himſelf are due,
One more conſpicuous, He derives from You;
Conſort to ſuch a *QUEEN!* That deathleſs (Name,
Shall add the brighteſt Luſtre to his Fame;
Immortalize his Glory, and outſhine
All Regal Titles, but the *Right Divine*.

A Prince ſo Excellent, You needs muſt grieve
To loſe, but Heav'n rejoices to receive.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then your Sighs; while languiſhing You (ſit,
Britannia's Genius weeping at Your Feet,
The Buſineſs of the World ſuſpended ſtands,
Nor circulates without your dread Commands.

So if that Part which all the Body guides,
Where the Nerves meet, and where the Soul re- (ſides,
The leaſt Diſorder feels, the whole Machine
Is pale without, and all untun'd within:
The Vital Springs their active Force forget,
And all the lazy Pulſes faintly beat.

Enough to Grief You then reſign'd Your (Breaſt,
Profuſe and laviſh of Your Royal Reſt;
When negligent of all Your Pomp and State,
Cloſe by the gaſping Prince You penſive ſate;
Outwatch'd the Stars with watry ſleepleſs Eyes,
With Vows inceſſant importun'd the Skies;

And

And vainly ſtrugling with relentleſs Death,
Hung on his trembling Lips, and catch'd his
(flying Breath.

As much as could from Deſtiny be gain'd,
Your unexampled Piety obtain'd.
Long Doubtful did its lifted Hand forbear
The threaten'd Stroke, which hov'ring hung in
(Air:
Your Prayers with Heaven maintain'd a dubious
(Strife,
His Soul long flutt'ring on the Verge of Life,
And by a gradual Death at laſt ſet free,
To ſoften Fate, and ſmooth its harſh Decree.

Nor weep, as if Your Glory too were dead,
And all Your Joys with Your lov'd Conſort fled,
No more he holds Your Pow'r in either Hand,
One to controul the Sea, and one the Land:
Yet Sov'reign o'er theſe Iſles You ſtill remain,
And in our willing Hearts triumphant reign:

Yet

Yet ſtill your Fleets the liquid Empire keep,
And ride Majeſtick o'er the boundleſs Deep.
Abroad your conqu'ring Troops lament Your Lo
In dreadful Grief, pernicious to Your Foes.
Soon as the News was to the Camp convey'd,
On *Liſle*'s retarding Cittadel employ'd,
Murm'ring they paus'd, the Tidings to enquire
With Arms reclin'd, and ſtopp'd their Storms
(Fire
But ſoon diſcharg'd their Fury on the *Gauls*,
And pour'd freſh Ruin on their ſhatter'd Walls
Marlbro' and *Eugene* ſtill Your Thunder wield,
In Spite of Winter, and maintain the Field;
Always Victorious, they the Foe engage,
Like Winter Tempeſts, with redoubl'd Rage;
Teaching his ſcatter'd Troops no more to dar
To ſtand the ſweeping Whirlwind of their Wa
Fir'd with new Courage, farther we advance
On hoſtile Ground, and cloſely preſs on *Fran*
Brita

Britannia's QUEEN, and all *Britannia's* Pow'rs,
Level their Bolts at *Gallia's* haughty Tow'rs.
More terrible in Grief; so Lightnings fly,
Redd'ning the horrid Gloom, when Clouds ob-
(scure the Sky.

Let all Your Conquests for his Death atone,
Forget Fate's Triumphs, and improve Your own.
Chiefly to You the Godlike Prince is lost,
(Cost,
But think, oh! think, You grieve at *Europe's*
And least should mourn him, tho' You lose him
(most.

(wait,
And you, who near your weeping Sovereign
And share the melancholy Pomp of State,
Use all your Female Tenderness, and find
The gentlest Arts to recompose her Mind;
Nor with unskilful pious Haste increase
The swelling Passion which you strive to ease,

But

But ſooth the Pain awhile, and bring Relief,
With all the ſofteſt Elegance of Grief.
In ſad complaining Sounds her Sighs return,
And own, your QUEEN has wond'rous Cauſe (to mourn.
But then intreat Her to regard our Fears,
And count the vaſt Expence of *Royal Tears*.

May Heav'n, and She, if Heav'n our Crimes (can ſpare,
Make that ineſtimable Life their Care.
That we implore, with anxious Fears oppreſs'd,
Sollicitous for That, and thoughtleſs of the Reſt.

THE

To their Excellencies, &c.

The Humble Petition of *Frances Harris*, Who muſt ſtarve, and die a Maid, if it miſcarries.

Humbly ſheweth,

THat I went to warm my ſelf in Lady *Betty*'s Chamber, becauſe I was cold,

And I had in a Purſe, 7 *l.* and 4 *s.* (beſides Farthings) in *Money*, and Gold;

So becauſe I had been buying Things for my *Lady* laſt Night,

I was reſolved to tell my Money, to ſee if it was right:

Now you muſt know, becauſe my Trunk has a very bad Lock,

Therefore all the Money I have, which, *God* knows, is a very ſmall Stock,

I keep in a Pocket ty'd about my Middle, next my Smock.

So when I put up my Purſe, as *God* would have it, my Smock was unript,

And inſtead of putting it into my Pocket, down it ſlipt:

Then the Bell rung, and I went down Stairs to put my *Lady* to Bed,

When, *God* knows, I thought my Money was as ſafe as my Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket very light,

But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my Purſe, *Lord!* I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright:

Lord! Madam, ſays *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe;

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my Purſe!

Lord help me, ſaid *Mary*, I never ſtirr'd out of this Place!

Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady *Betty*'s Chamber, that's a plain Caſe.

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm,

However, ſhe ſtole away my Garters, that I might do my ſelf no Harm:

So

So I tumbled and toſs'd all Night, as you may very well think,

But hardly ever ſet my Eyes together, or ſlept a Wink.

So I was dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the Folks round,

And in a Corner of Mrs. *Duke*'s Box, ty'd in a Rag, the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a ſwearing;

Then Mrs. *Wadgar* came, and ſhe, you know, is thick o' hearing;

Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a Loſs I have had?

Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord * *Collway*'s Folks are all very ſad,

For my Lord † *Dromedary* comes a *Tueſday* without fail;

Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the Buſineſs I ail.

---

* *Gallway.*
† *Drogheda.*

Says *Cary*, ſays he, I have been a Servant this Five and Twenty Years, come Spring,

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of ſuch a Thing.

Yes, ſays the *Steward*, when I was at my Lady *Shrewsbury*'s,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, juſt about the Time of *Goosberries.*

So I went to the Party ſuſpected, and found her full of Grief;

Now you know, of all Things in the World, I hate a Thief:

However, I was reſolv'd to bring the Diſcourſe ſlily about,

Mrs. *Dukes*, ſaid I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out;

'Tis not that I value the Money Three Skips of a Louſe.

But the Thing I ſtand upon, is the Credit of the Houſe;

'Tis true, 7 *l.* and 4 *s.* and 6 *d.* makes a great Hole in my Wages,

Beſides, as they ſay, Service is no Inheritance in theſe Ages.

Now,

Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body underſtands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge — Money can't go without Hands.

The *Devil* take me, ſaid ſhe, bleſſing her ſelf, if ever I ſaw't!

So ſhe roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her to naught;

So you know, what could I ſay to her any more,

I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.

Well: But then they would have had me gone to the Cunning Man;

No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame Thing, the *Chaplain* will be here anon.

So the *Chaplain* came in; now the Servants ſay, he is my Sweetheart,

Becauſe he's always in my Chamber, and I always take his Part;

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *Nativity*, when a Body's plunder'd?

Now you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *Parſon*, like the *Devil*,

Truly, ſaid he, Mrs. *Nab.* it might become you to be more civil:

If your Money be gone, as a *Learned Divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,

You are no *Text* for my Handling, take that from me:

I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.

Lord, ſaid I, don't be angry, I'm ſure I never thought you ſo;

You know, I honour the Cloth, I deſign to be a *Parſon*'s Wife,

I never took one in *Your Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my Life.

With that, he twiſted his Girdle like a Rope, as who ſhould ſay,

Now you may go hang your ſelf for me, and ſo went away.

Well, I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd; *Lord*, ſaid I, what ſhall I do?

I have loſt my *Money*, and ſhall loſe my *True-Love* too.

Then

Then my *Lord* call'd me; *Harris*, ſaid my *Lord*, don't cry,

I'll give ſomething towards thy Loſs; and, ſays my *Lady*, ſo will I.

Oh but, ſaid I, what if after all my Chaplain won't come to?

For that, he ſaid, (and't pleaſe your *Excellencies*) I muſt petition You.

The Premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *Excellencies* Protection,

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Collection:

And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,

With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforeſaid; or, inſtead of him, a better:

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,

Or the *Chaplain*, for 'tis his *Trade*, as in Duty bound, ſhall *Pray*.

A Modern Latin ODE Attempted in *ENGLISH.*

The Original in Latin, *by Mr.* Philips, *addreſs'd to* Henry St. John *Eſq; is in* Muſæ Britannicæ, p. 60. *lately printed for* E. Curll *without* Temple-Bar.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis, &c.

KInd Friend, with whom I Sip, and Smoke,
The fineſt Tea, and beſt *Virginia,*
Nor part until my Doſe I've took
Of *Hermitage,* or *Mont' Alcino.*

What

What ſhall an empty Poet do,
To pay the mighty Debt he owes you?
I'll tap my Muſe, and if but low
She runs, I'll tilt her too to pleaſe you.

Old *Horace*, with a willing Mind,
(Aſſiſting Muſe, and Wind, and Weather)
All but uncommon Flights diſdain'd,
And dip'd his fancy'd Wings in *Æther*.

To joy his Patron's luſcious Hours,
He ſung of Wenching, and its Fuel;
How helpful *Venus* in Amours,
And her ungracious Rogue, how cruel.

And yet the Bard with richer Wine,
His jolly Whiſtle never whetted,
Then from ſome empty'd Flasks of thine,
I ſtill am plentifully treated.

Nor did his *Tuscan* Knight e'er bear
To all the Arts, a Friendship truer,
Nor was more bountiful or dear
To him, than to your ODIST you are.

O thou Top-Wit of all the Town,
The Court, and eke the H—— of C——ns,
Whom all the Muses hang upon,
As thou'rt a constant Hanger-on 'em.

How do's my Marrow melt away,
And every lazy Vein beat quicker,
While gratefully in Memory
I bear thy Friendship, and thy Liquor.

But, O! my Spirits are too weak
To make the great Returns intended;
I cough, as if my Heart would break,
And wheeze like one that's broken-winded.

My

My fatal Hour is plainly come,
For want of like refreshing Doses,
Which only you can save me from,
And heap new Favours on the *Muses*.

'Tis done, and now I live again,
And feel returning Spirits moving:
Ever may you and Spouse remain
In Health, and she be ever loving.

Renew your Vigour spent in Care,
With the soft Balm of her Caresses,
In all the Home Affairs of War,
And what's of greatest Weight, her Gr——s

Fanny, the Pride of Marriage Sheets,
Beyond Compare whose Hair and Neck are,
Whose Lips breath everlasting Sweets,
And every Grace assist to deck her.

In such a Lot, how happy thou!
While, Wretch, for *Molly* I am wasting;
Whose starry Eyes have shot me through,
And harder Heart still keeps me fasting.

No other Girl will now go down,
The Tyrant's sent all else a packing;
My Heart is hers, and hers alone,
And yet within an Ace of breaking.

Hopeless, and restless, Night and Day,
I mourn the Rigour of the Gipsy;
Nor can your Wine, and Pipes for me,
Procure a Nap, tho' ne'er so tipsy.

Cupid's Contrivance.

WHen *Cupid* did his Grandsire *Jove* intreat
To form some *Beauty* by a *New Receipt*;
Jove sent, and found, far in a Country Scene,
Truth, *Innocence*, *Good-nature*, *Look Serene*:
From which *Ingredients*, first the dext'rous Boy
Pick'd the *Demure*, the *Awkward*, and the *Coy*.
The *Graces* from the *Court* did next provide
Breeding, and *Wit*, and *Air*, and *Decent Pride*:
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain,
Of Nice *Coquet*, Affected, Brisk, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the Happy *Composition*, *FLOYD*.

An ODE *upon* SOLITUDE.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

I.

HAil, Sacred *Solitude!* from this calm Bay,
I view the World's tempestuous Sea;
And with wise Pride despise
All those senseless Vanities:
With Pity mov'd for others, cast away
On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em tos's'd
On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:
Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,
Unhappy Men, or Adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,
Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing Arms,
Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest Charms.

And

And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,
They in their Shipwreck'd State themselves ob-
durate please.

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude*, Soul of my Soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost me better Life and nobler Vigor give;
Dost each unruly Appetite controul:
Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,
With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.
Presuming Love does ne'er invade
This private Solitary Shade;
And with fantastick Wounds, by Beauty made,
The Joy, has no Alloy of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,
The Solid Comforts of this happy Sphere;
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid Gain,
And purified from Lust's dishonest Stain.

Nor

Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,
For I am with my Friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies,
But Friendship does two Souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow
All Blessings Man can hope to know;
Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt th
(Mind
Pleasures which do from Friendship and fro
(Knowledge ris
Which make us happy, as they make us wise.
Here may I always on this downy Grass,
Unseen, unknown, my easy Minutes pass;
'Till with a gentle Force victorious Death
My *Solitude* invade,
And stopping for a-while my Breath,
With Ease convey me to a better Shade.

FINIS.

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